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Poems by the Rev. J. Keble.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems

BY THE

REV. J. KEBLE, M.A.

VICAR OF HURSLEY.

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a.c.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

A GOOD many of the Poems contained in this volume have already appeared in print in various collections of poetry.

The Ode with which the volume opens was composed by Mr. Keble as Professor of Poetry, on the occasion of the Installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford in the year 1834. It was set to music by the Professor of Music, Dr. Crotch, and performed in the Theatre in Oxford at the Encænia in that year.

The next forty-five poems were contributed to the *Lyra Apostolica*, in which they are distinguished by the signature γ. To these is added a translation of an ancient Greek Hymn of the first or second century, which (as I learn from the best authority) has accidentally been printed in several editions of that book with a different signature.

The three Hymns for Emigrants, for use at Midnight, Morning, and Evening, were written at the request of his friend Sir Frederic Rogers, at that time Emigration Commissioner. They were printed in the first edition of the "Prayers for Emigrants," which he had compiled, but were subsequently omitted, perhaps as being thought not sufficiently simple for the class of people for whose use the Book of Prayers was chiefly intended.

Then follow four poems from the "Child's Christian Year," and four which have been printed in the "Salisbury Hymnal."

Mr. Keble offered other contributions to the "Salisbury Hymnal" besides these four, several of which are printed in this volume. They are mostly translations of ancient Church Hymns. Among these are some which are, I believe, wholly translated by himself. These are "Nocte surgentes [a]," "Nunc sancte," "Rector potens," "Rerum Deus," "Salvete flores," "Cultor Dei

[a] By an unfortunate oversight, the first line of this translation is printed "Watch *us* by night," instead of "Watch we."

memento," "O Deus, ego amo Te," and "Alleluia, dulce carmen." Others are altered, so largely as to be in fact new translations, from other versions, particularly those of Dr. Neale, Mr. Copeland, and the "Hymnal Noted." It was thought by the compilers of the Hymnal that the extreme faithfulness of these translations gave them an air of stiffness, which made them less fit for congregational singing; they were therefore omitted from that publication. But in a collection of his own poems it seems well to print some of them, as exhibiting in a remarkable degree his power of vigorous and exact translation, in respect of compositions of which extremely condensed thought, and profound acquaintance with Holy Scripture are the chief characteristics. Any person who will compare these versions with those on which they are confessedly framed, will, I think, not fail to recognise these qualities in them. Of a few well-known modern hymns he also offered variations; but these it has been thought better not to print. One, however, I add as a specimen :—

"The Lord magnified Joshua."—*Joshua* iv. 14.

"GUIDE us, Thou whose name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land,
We are weak, and Thou Almighty,
Hold us with Thy strong right-hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

"Let the cloud and fire supernal
Day and night before us go:
Lead us to thē rock and fountain
Whence the living waters flow:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us, till no want we know.

"When we touch the cold, dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide;
Through the flood, and through the whirlpool
Let Thine Ark our footsteps guide:
Jesu, lead us,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.

"Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him who reigns supreme on high;
Praise the Son, for sinners given
E'en to suffer and to die;
Praise the Spirit,
Guiding us so lovingly.
Amen."

The original of the above, from the "Book of Praise."

"GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah;
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

"Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee."

William Williams, 1774.

Beautiful as it is in the original, it will be readily seen what a rich and solemn colouring is thrown over it by the deep Scriptural knowledge, and the exact doctrine of the poet.

The remaining poems in the volume are arranged, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the

order of the years in which they were composed. This will account for a considerable mixture of subjects in them; but it will also throw no small light upon the great general consistency of his character from early youth to mature old age. For as there was a singular maturity of sacred thought in his earliest writings, so was there a sweet freshness—almost what might be called boyishness—of feeling which lasted on and is visible in those which were written last. It is not improbable that he would in his later life have withheld some of the earlier poems from publication, nor that expressions may be found here and there, breathing a somewhat different tone from that which he would have adopted in after years. Such slight varieties, however, if such there are, are but the true detail of the working of an uniform and consistent spirit in the course of many years; and it is with the view of shewing this, that the exact dates of the several pieces are added whenever they can be certainly ascertained.

The poem on the Annunciation is, it will be seen, in great measure the same as that which

is printed on the same subject in the "Christian Year." There is no doubt that it was written in the first place as here given, and on the occasion of the death of his own mother in June, 1823. But in its original form, it came too close to his own personal and most sacred feelings to allow him to print it; so omitting the concluding stanzas, and substituting others, he gave it a more general turn, and fitted it for its place in the "Christian Year." I trust that it is no improper unveiling of those sacred feelings to print the poem as originally written, now that he is gone. Those concluding stanzas are not only in themselves eminently beautiful, and remarkably expressive of the sweetness and affection, and of the tenderness of conscience which characterized him in all his life, but they also reflect a new and true light upon the train of thought in the earlier part of the poem, and render intelligible expressions in the first stanza, which, as it stands in the "Christian Year," need explanation.

The poem entitled "Mother out of Sight" was written for the *Lyra Innocentium*, but

withheld from publication at the time, with his consent but against his wish, at the earnest request of some of his dearest friends. The reasons which were sufficient to cause it to be withheld then do not exist any longer, and inasmuch as he did not himself disapprove of its being printed, and that different considerations may be allowed to enter into the questions of contemporary and posthumous publication, I have thought it not wrong to publish it. It has recently been printed at length in Sir John Coleridge's memoir, and a part of it was quoted a few years since in the "Month," a Roman Catholic periodical. It belongs to "troublous days of anguish and rebuke," and if in some part it seems to indicate any doubt of the position of the Church of England as part of the Catholic Church of Christ, the remainder of it, and his own most loyal life till death as a Priest in the Anglican communion, are abundantly sufficient to shew that that doubt, if it ever existed at all, was fully and practically satisfied. Let it be allowed to one—who had the honour of his intimate friendship during the last thirty

years of his life, and was in habits of the closest and most confidential communication with him during the anxious times referred to—to bear the clearest and strongest witness to the fact that in the midst of great and sore distress he never (not, I verily believe, for a single moment) entertained the idea of deserting the communion in which he was baptized, or, with all his true and filial yearning for Catholic union, felt less than extreme repugnance to the unscriptural doctrines and claims of the Church of Rome.

Among the earlier poems will be found two or three copies of love-verses, bearing the date of 1812, when he was in his twentieth year. These have been printed partly on account of their own beauty, and partly as furnishing a real trait of himself when he was a young man. For he had a singularly loving spirit, and to him may well be transferred the beautiful words which in one of the poems of this volume he applies to Petrarca, for he too

> "Chanted his hermit-hymn to Heaven and Love,
> Soft and severe: for Piety had framed

> The melody, and every wilder chord
> Was tempered to her solemn undersong.
> So Love seemed what he is,—a spirit devout,
> Owning God most in His most beauteous work."

Two odes also, written in early life, are inserted in their places: the one referring to the rising of the Portuguese in 1808, the other to the battles in the Pyrenees in the year 1813. They shew that though the prevailing character of his poetry is one of gentleness, yet there was in him a fire of feeling and expression which might have found noble utterance in more secular and stirring poetry, if he had not deliberately preferred to "abide where the holy shadow lay, where Heaven his lot had cast."

There is, as is inevitable in a volume consisting in great degree of "Remains," a fragmentary and incomplete character, not only in the collection in general, but also in several of the pieces contained in it. This, however, does not seem to form a sufficient reason for keeping such pieces back. Indeed, in this, as in various other respects, there is much difference between

the grounds for selecting poetry for publication during an author's lifetime, and after his death. While he is alive and can make his own selection, it is due to the public and to himself that he should put forward only such pieces as are finished to the utmost of his power, and express his thought most exactly in the form in which he desires it to be seen and understood. But when he is gone, and the picture of his mind and genius is to be completed, as nearly as may be, from the scattered traits which his posthumous papers furnish, it would be a great sacrifice of the truth and genuineness of the portrait if pieces were excluded, either because, written at different periods of his life, they might shew some difference in expression or sentiment, or because they were wanting in the last finish which he would have given to them if he had printed them himself. Some of the most life-like of these traits are furnished in the present instance by such fragments, thrown off at a heat, as it were, and never returned to again, but full of sparkles of true Christian gold, which it would be a real loss to lose. The precious

treasure which many Christian hearts feel that they possess in the "Christian Year," does not depend upon the completeness or the finish of the separate poems. It is often, I apprehend, a stanza, a line, even a single expression which dwells upon the memory, and leads men to bless God for the help and comfort which He has given them in the sweet writings of the Christian poet.

It is the characteristic of Keble's poetry to be in a very high degree the reflex of himself. It is probable that (except perhaps in the Installation Ode, which was required of him in his office of Professor of Poetry) he never sat down expressly for the purpose of writing poetry as such; but gifted with a mind highly poetical by nature, and refined by the highest cultivation, it was a relief to him, as various circumstances arose, to express in verse the thoughts and feelings which those circumstances suggested. His deeply devotional cast of mind, his great and unfailing reverence for holy things, his profound knowledge of the Scriptures, and of the sacred Truth taught in all ages in the

Church, gave to these occasional effusions a prevailingly religious character, while his tender love of home, and whatever belonged to home, mingled with his natural playfulness of mind and delight in children, threw over everything he wrote a gracious sweetness which was exactly characteristic of all his life and conversation. Time after time some little incident, often of the very slightest kind, has given occasion to one of these sweet gushes, if I may so call them, of verse, in which very deep thought and feeling found their natural and genuine expression. Once written, he thought of them no more. Scraps of this kind are found on the backs of letters, in leaves of old pocket-books, and in other such places, where apparently they were first put down and then forgotten.

If there is one quality, which more than another may be said to mark his writings, it is their intense and absolute *veracity*. Never for a moment is the very truth sacrificed to effect. I will venture to say with confidence that there is not a sentiment to be found elevated or amplified beyond what he really felt; nor, I would

add, even an epithet that goes beyond his actual and true thought. What he was in life and character, that he was, transparently, in every line he wrote,—entirely, always, reverentially true.

It was his own theory of poetry,—a theory most beautifully and completely drawn out in his Prælections,—that poetry when regarded in its own true and essential being, is the natural outpouring of a mind labouring inwardly, so to speak, with lofty and tender thought, and endeavouring to obtain relief by an expression which, using images and sentiments gathered on every side of nature, should be conveyed in elevated language and rhythmical measure.

Of poetry in this high sense, he thought that modesty is an essential quality: for while the mind in its secret agitation craves and finds relief in verse, that very verse is of the nature of a veil, hiding in part what in part it reveals. Thus the withholding of the full and entire confession of the feelings inwardly stirred he held to be as essential to the character of a true poet, as the absolute truthfulness and reality of

such as, with such reserve, he found relief in expressing.

He held that essential poetry in this sense was to be recognised not only in those whom the world acknowledges as poets, and who are blessed with "the accomplishment of verse," but in children, in persons uneducated, and in such as perhaps never made nor read a line of verse in their lives, but whose acts or words exhibit the essential requisites of poetry, the mind labouring with lofty or tender thought, and the imaginative expression in which that thought finds its reserved and modest, but sufficient outlet. He illustrated this view in the case of rustics, by alleging their love of home, exhibited in all sorts of indirect ways of act and word, by their reverence of the memory and memorials of dead friends, and by their strong sense of superhuman and invisible powers, of omens, and the like; acknowledging, however, that "it is to be confessed that there is in the lowest and rudest people that which often obscures, and sometimes miserably extinguishes that silent poetry and light of fancy

of which we speak, inasmuch as in their desire to relieve their agitation of feeling, they are incapable of restraining themselves from pouring out alike what ought and what ought not to be expressed, and so have no room whatever left for the sweet discipline of poetry."

In the well-nigh universal presence of this essential poetry in men's minds, he found the secret of the delight which so many take in the perfect works of true poets. For the silent strings which God has set in the hearts of very many, if not all, of His people, vibrate inwardly to the true notes, when they are skilfully struck by those gifted hands to which God has been pleased to impart the further gift of utterance in addition to that of appreciation.

Pursuing this view of poetry, and dividing poets into the two classes of primary and secondary, according as they either write verse "spontaneously, under a sense of distress, desiring to pour out and thereby soothe their feelings of sorrow, or other kinds of emotion, or, from other motives, construct in verse poetical sentiments and rhythmical words," he examines

in detail the works of all the great poets of antiquity, classifying and criticising them with great skill, and giving to each his own character and praise, with a power and delicacy at once so original and so just, as to make his lectures one of the most charming and valuable volumes of classical criticism that have ever issued from the press.

It is plain from this slight sketch of his theory of poetry, that the mere artifice of verse-making, however perfect, held a very secondary place in his estimation; and it must be confessed that with a sweet and melodious flow of natural verse there is mingled in his writings an occasional inexactness and roughness of expression and rhythm which he did not care to smoothe. Indeed, it is said on very good authority that the poet Wordsworth (for whom Keble always entertained the highest reverence, as is shewn by the expressions he uses respecting him in the dedication to the Oxford Prælections), having read the "Christian Year," expressed his high sense of its beauty, and also of the occasional imperfections of the verse, in the

following most characteristic terms: "It is very good," he said; "so good, that if it were mine, I would write it all over again."

Still more strikingly is the truthful and modest verse of the Christian poet contrasted with the sensational writings which are much in vogue in the present age. Immodesty of all kinds was utterly repugnant to his nature, by which I mean not only such flagrant immodesty as actually disfigures some of the elaborate poetry of the day, but also the immodesty which lays bare to the whole world the inmost secrets of the heart, and, as it were, dissects and analyzes them for the purpose of shewing the profundity of thought, and mastery of language of the poet, and which, in so doing, can hardly fail to exaggerate, and exaggerating to distort the truth of nature, and to do violence to the veiled reserve of true poetry.

It may be freely granted that in a merely artistic point of view Keble's poems may not rank so high as those of some other writers, whose claim to the higher characteristics of the true poet is incalculably inferior to his. And

it is not impossible that those who take delight in such stimulating and less wholesome strains, however artificially perfect, may have lost their ear and taste for gentler and deeper music. But it would indicate a strangely low and mistaken estimate of that which constitutes the real nature of heavenly poetry, if verse like that of the "Christian Year," which, as it issued from one deep and holy heart, has found its way to the hearts of so many thousands, were to be regarded as a work of art only, and judged of according to its outward rules. No doubt that precious volume might have been brought up to a higher finish in respect of the exterior qualities of verse. But which of those who love it dearly and thankfully, — and they are a countless multitude of the best and truest servants of God in His Church, — would now consent to part with even its occasional roughnesses of word and rhythm, recalling as they do, and truthfully representing the exact thought of the writer, in the very form in which it issued, pure and genuine, from the sweetest and holiest of minds? When we have our friends still with us, we may perhaps prefer the smooth portrait,

elaborated by the skill of the painter, to the faithful and less flattering photograph. But when they are gone, do we regret to recognise the very marks, the very wrinkles it may be, which bring our beloved ones before our eyes with the undeniable and unmistaken exactness of the truth?

The poems in this volume will be found to add various traits to the portrait of the beloved author, as furnished by the books which he published in his lifetime. Some of the love-verses of his youth have already been referred to. The picture would have been strangely incomplete if it had contained no recollections of his deep humbleness[a] and tenderness of conscience, of his great charity, of his affectionate and clinging love to his home and family, and of his merry playfulness, especially with children. A few trifles of this last-mentioned kind have

[a] On the day before his funeral his wife said to one who was by her bedside, "There is one thing that I do not think any one could know but those who were constantly with him—the depth of his humility and charity. Notwithstanding his very keen feeling about doctrine, he always made such great allowances for other people. He never spoke a sharp word about those who differed from him without correcting himself immediately."

been inserted in their respective places, while others have been omitted. Among these is a playful letter from Oxford, addressed to the Miss Pruens with a copy of Bowdler's Shakspeare. It is not worth printing at length, but the following lines are characteristic :—

"He has been in the dirt, but you'll please to take note
One Bowdler has lately been brushing his coat ;
So let me present him to make his best bow,
Assured that you'll not have to blush for him now."

To those who have known and loved the author this collection will hardly fail to be highly interesting. It may not add much to his fame as a poet, yet neither will it be found to fall beneath it. But it will help to present even more fully than the other volumes, the very truth—from boyhood to old age, in his home, among his friends, in his parish,—of the holy man whose memory the Church cherishes, and will surely continue to cherish as one of the most fragrant and precious of her treasures.

G. M.

CHESTER,
Feb. 22, 1869.

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Ode for the Encænia at Oxford,

Written for the Installation of His Grace Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University. June 11, 1834.

I.

IF, when across the autumnal heaven,
The rude winds draw their restless shroud,
One glorious star to sight be given,
Now dim, now clear, an isle in deeps of cloud;
Watchmen on their lonely tower,
Shepherds by their mountain hold,
Wistful gazing hour by hour,
Trace it through the tempest's fold;
Even such, in records dark of care and crime
Each in high Heaven's appointed time,
Bright names of Heroes glow, that gem the days of old.

II.

When ours are days of old,
Whom will our children's children name
The Star of our dark time, the man high-soul'd,
At whose undying orb the true and bold
May light their lamps with pure heroic flame?
Go ask of every gale that blows,
Of every wave that curls the main;—
Where at burning noon repose
Tigers by some Indian fane;
Where hoary cliffs of Lusitane,
Like aged men, stand waiting on the shore,
And watch the setting sun, and hear th' Atlantic roar.

III.

Then onward, where th' Iberian mountain gale
O'er many a deep monastic vale,
O'er many a golden river loves to fling
His gatherings from the thymy lap of spring,

Ask wide waters proudly spann'd,
Towers upheav'd by War's strong hand,
Oaks upon their mountains rent,
Where th' avenging whirlwind went;
Torrents of Navarre that boil
Choking with abandon'd spoil.—
Ask of the shades endear'd of yore
By tread of holy feet,
Monarch, or maiden vow'd, or calm-eyed priest,
Ask them by whom releas'd,
They breathe their hermit hymns, awful and sweet,
In saintly stillness, as before;
But chiefly pause where Heroes' bones are laid
By Learning's haunted home in Salamanca's glade.

IV.

There, on the cloister'd youth of Spain,
The trumpet call'd, nor call'd in vain;—
Not Aaron's clarion, tun'd and blest on high,
The dread Ark moving nigh,
Thrill'd in a nobler cause, or pour'd a keener strain.

'Mid other cloisters now, and dearer shrines,
The memory rings of that victorious blast,
And years and glories past,
Charm'd to new life, advance in brightening lines.
Restorer of the rightful thrones!
Thee, cottage hearth, thee, palace tower,
Thee, busy mart and studious bower,
Thee, Isis, thine at last, her great Deliverer owns.—
Who knows not how the vulture woke,
Whose "deadly wound was heal'd?"
One breathless aim—'tis o'er—one stroke
That felon wing for ever broke.
Oh, laurell'd, bloody field!
Day of stern joy for heaven and earth!
Wrong'd earth, avenging heaven!
How well might War's ungentle lore
With thee depart for evermore,
And to the weary world th' expected birth
Of calm, bright years be given!

V.

It may not be: lo, wild and free
Swarms out anew the dragon kind;

Spreads fast and far the kindling war
Against th' Anointed and Enshrined.
But thou, my Mother! green as erst and pure
Thy willows wave, thy meeting waters glide;
Untarnish'd on thy matron breast endure
The treasur'd gems, thy youth's delight and pride:
Firm Loyalty, serene and fond,
Wearing untir'd her lofty bond;
Awful Reverence, bending low
Where'er the heavens their radiance throw:
And Wisdom's mate, Simplicity,
That in the gloom dares trust the guiding arm on high—
These, of old thy guardians tried,
Daily kneeling at thy side,
And wont by night to fan thy vigil fires—
We feel them hovering now around th' aerial spires.
Our votive lays unalter'd swell,
Our angels breathe their willing spell,
Breathe on our incense cloud, and bear
Our welcome high in lucid air,
Telling dark Evil's banded powers
That he who freed the world is ours.

VI.

Stand still in heaven, fair cloud, a space,
Nor urge too fast thy liquid race
Through fields of day! for while thou lingerest here,
Soft hazy gleams from thee descending,
Present, and past, and future blending,
Renew the vision lov'd, our glorious trial-year.
The sainted monarch lights again our aisles
With his own calm foreboding smiles,
(Not courtly smiles, nor earthly bred,)
Sobering Pleasure's airy wiles,
And taming War's too haughty tread.
Around him wait, a grave, white-robed throng,
The chosen angels of the Church he loves:
Guided by them, in her meek power he moves
On to that brightest crown, prepared for him ere long.

VII.

And mailed forms are there,
Such as heroic spirits wear,
Seal'd for high deeds in yon ethereal halls.

Oh if th' Elysian dream
Were true, and with emerging gleam
Dread warrior shades at fated intervals
Were seen like stars returning,
And ever brighter burning,
Well might our shrines and bowers their Ormond hail,
Friend of his king, reviv'd in thee,
Ere, quite expiring, on the base earth fail
The trodden spark of loyalty.
Ormond, who paced the tottering deck,
Upright amid a nation's wreck,
Who spurn'd the boon the traitor gave [a],
And slumber'd fearless on the wave.—
Warrior! be such our course and thine!
The eye that never sleeps
With undecaying fires benign
Will guide us o'er the deeps.

[a] See Clarendon, vi. 1184, Edit. Oxf. 1819. "The Lord Lieutenant, about the middle of December, 1650, embarked himself in a small vessel for France, after he had refused to receive a pass from Ireton, who offered it; choosing rather to trust the seas and winds, in that rough and boisterous season of the year, than to receive an obligation from the rebels."

The Three Absolutions [b].

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—*Rev.* xxi. 27.

EACH morn and eve, the Golden Keys [c],
Are lifted in the sacred hand,
To shew the sinner on his knees
Where Heaven's bright doors wide open stand.

On the dread Altar duly laid
The Golden Keys their witness bear,
That not in vain the Church hath pray'd,
That He, the Life of souls, is there.

[b] I. In the Daily Service; II. In the Communion · III. In the Visitation of the Sick.

[c] This, and the forty-four poems which follow it, are printed in the *Lyra Apostolica*, and distinguished by the signature γ.

Full of the past, all shuddering thought,
  Man waits his hour with upward eye [d]:
The Golden Keys in love are brought,
  That he may hold by them and die.

But touch them trembling; for that gold
  Proves iron in the unworthy hand,
To close, not ope, the favour'd fold,
  To bind, not loose, the lost soul's band.

[d] Vid. Death-bed Scenes. "The Barton Family." § 3.

Encouragement.

"He which testifieth these things, saith, Surely
I come quickly."—*Rev.* xxii. 20.

FEAR not: for He hath sworn:
Faithful and true His name:
The glorious hours are onward borne;
'Tis lit, th' immortal flame;
It glows *around* thee: kneel, and strive, and win
Daily one living ray—'twill brighter glow *within.*

Yet fear: the time is brief;
The Holy One is near;
And, like a spent and wither'd leaf
In autumn-twilight drear,
Faster each hour, on Time's unslackening gale,
The dreaming world drives on, to where all visions fail.

Surely the time is short :
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soil'd earth-drudging heart.—
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to thy foes in Power.

His shoulders bear the Key :
He opens—who can close ?
Closes—and who dare open ?—He
Thy soul's misgiving knows.
If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to love.

Then haste Thee, Lord ! Come down,
Take Thy great power, and reign !
But frame Thee first a perfect Crown
Of spirits freed from stain,
Souls mortal once, now match'd for evermore
With the immortal gems that form'd Thy wreath before.

Who in Thy portal wait,
Free of that glorious throng,
Wondering, review their trial-state,
The life that erst seem'd long ;
Wondering at His deep love, who purged so base
And earthly mould so soon for th' undefiled place.

Bereavement.—Resignation.

"Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—*Job* xlii. 6.

And dare I say, "Welcome to me
The pang that proves Thee near?"
O words, too oft on bended knee
Breathed to th' Unerring Ear.
While the cold spirit silently
Pines at the scourge severe.

Nay, try once more—thine eyelids close
For prayer intense and meek:
When the warm light gleams through and shews
Him near who helps the weak.
Unmurmuring then thy heart's repose
In dust and ashes seek.

But when the self-abhorring thrill
Is past, as pass it must,
When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
Risen from thy tears and dust,
Then be the self-renouncing will
The seal of thy calm trust.

Burial of the Dead.

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar;

Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing: the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day;

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustom'd way
The hallow'd porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touch'd
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay.

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for awhile:
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin-lid;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou know'st us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er.
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

THOU, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead!
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

NOTE.—This poem was intended for the "Burial of the Dead" in the first MS. of the *Christian Year*, but was afterwards changed for "Who says, the wan autumnal sun?" which had been intended for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Lighting of Lamps.

Lights in the Temple.

"And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it; a perpetual incense before the Lord, throughout your generations."—*Exod.* xxx. 7, 8.

Now the stars are lit in heaven,
We must light our lamps on earth:
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth:
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal Saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way,
Sons of Israel, far and near!
Wearied with the world's dim day,
Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light!

With sweet oil-drops in His hour
  Feed the branch of many lights,
Token of protecting power,
  Pledg'd to faithful Israelites,
Emblem of the anointed Home,
When the glory deigns to come.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
  Sons of Aaron ! serve in fear,—
Deadly is th' avenger's aim,
  Should th' unhallowed enter here ;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil—
  He who comes in Heaven's attire,
Morn by morn, with holy oil ;
  Eve by eve, with holy fire !
Pray !—your prayer will be allowed,
Mingling with His incense cloud !

Lights at Vespers.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—*St. John* viii. 12.

FULL many an eve, and many a morn,
The holy Lamps have blazed and died;
The floor by knees of sinners worn,
The mystic altar's golden horn,
Age after age have witness borne
To faith that on a lingering Saviour cried.

"At evening time there shall be light"—
'Twas said of old—'tis wrought to-day:
Now, with the stoled priest in sight,
The perfumed embers quivering bright
Ere yet the ceiling's spangled height
The glory catch of the new-kindled ray!

A voice not loud, but thrilling clear,
On hearts prepared falls benign :—
" I am the world's true Light : who hear
And follow Me, no darkness fear,
Nor waning eve, nor changing year ;
The Light of Life is theirs : pure Light of Life
divine !"

Lights in the Upper Chamber.

"And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together."—*Acts* xx. 8.

He spake: He died and rose again—
And now His Spirit lights
The hallowed fires o'er land and main,
And every heart invites.

They glow: but not in gems and gold
With cedar arched o'er;
But in far nooks obscure and cold,
On many a cabin floor:

When the true soldiers steal an hour
To break the bread of Life,
And drink the draught of love and power,
And plan the holy strife.

Ye humble Tapers, fearless burn—
  Ere in the morn ye fade,
Ye shall behold a soul return,
  Even from the last dim shade:

That all may know what love untold
  Attends the chosen race,
Whom apostolic arms enfold,
  Who cling to that embrace.

And wheresoe'er a cottage light
  Is trimmed for evening prayer,
Faith may recall that wondrous night—
  Who raised the dead, is there.

The Churchman to his Lamp.

Light in the Closet.

COME, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother's glories ere she fell.

There was a time, my friendly Lamp,
When, far and wide, in Jesus' camp,
Oft as the foe dark inroads made,
They watch'd and fasted, wept and prayed;
But now, they feast and slumber on,
And say, "Why pine o'er evil done?"

Then hours of Prayer, in welcome round,
Far-sever'd hearts together bound:
Seven times a-day, *on bended knee*,
They to their Saviour cried; and we—
One hour we find in seven long days,
Before our God to *sit* and *gaze!*

Then, lowly Lamp, a ray like thine
Waked half the world to hymns divine;
Now it is much if here and there
One dreamer, by the genial glare,
Trace the dim Past, and slowly climb
The steep of Faith's triumphant prime.

Yet by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our fathers' armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

And may thy guidance ever tend
Where gentle thoughts with courage blend;
Thy pure and steady gleaming rest
On pages with the Cross imprest;
Till, touch'd with lightning of calm zeal,
Our fathers' very heart we feel.

The Watch by Night.

"And Uriah said unto David, The ark, and Israel, and Judah, abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink? . . . . As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing."—2 *Sam.* xi. 11.

THE Ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around the alien armies sweep;
Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.

And can it be thou liest awake,
Sworn watchman, tossing on thy couch of down?
And doth thy recreant heart not ache
To hear the sentries round the leaguer'd town?

Oh dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out: more wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come, thou know'st not when or how.

Christian Chivalry.

The Vigil.

I.

"SILENCE, unworthy! how should tones like thine
Blend with the warnings of the good and true?
God hath no need of waverers round His shrine:
What hath th' unclean with Heaven's high cause
to do?"
Thus in the deep of many a shrinking heart
The murmurings swell and heave of sad remorse,
And dull the soul, that else would keenly dart
Fearless along her heaven-illumin'd course.
But, wayward doubter, lift one glance on high;
What banner streams along thy destin'd way?
The pardoning Cross,—His Cross who deign'd to die
To cleanse th' impure for His own bright array.
Wash thee in His dear blood, and trembling wear
His holy Sign, and take thy station there.

II.

Wash thee, and watch thine armour; as of old
The champions vow'd of Truth and Purity,
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie,
Three summer nights outwatch'd the stars on high,
And found the time too short for busy dreams,
Pageants of airy prowess dawning nigh,
And fame far hovering with immortal beams.
And more than prowess theirs, and more than fame;
No dream, but an abiding consciousness
Of an approving God, a righteous aim,
An arm outstretch'd to guide them and to bless:
Firm as steel bows for Angels' warfare bent
They went abroad, not knowing where they went.

III.

For why? the sacred Pentecostal eve
Had bathed them with its own inspiring dew,
And gleams more bright than summer sunsets leave
Lingering well-nigh to meet the morn's fresh hue,

Dwelt on each heart; as erst in memory true,
The Spirit's chosen heralds o'er all lands
Bore the bright tongues of fire. Thus, firm and few,
Now, in our fallen time, might faithful bands
Move on th' eternal way, the goal in sight,
Nor to the left hand swerve for gale or shower,
Nor pleasure win them, wavering to the right:
Alone with Heaven they were that awful hour,
When their oath seal'd them to the war of Faith;
Alone they will be in the hour of death.

To a Thrush Singing in the Middle of a Village, Jan. 1833.

SWEET bird! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone,
(They stayed but half a day)
The berries bright hang ling'ring on;
Yet thou hast learn'd thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brush'd thy wing;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring!

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,
Dim roaming days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast wing'd his spright
Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
And dearest friends in sight;

That simple, fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,
And lit awhile the gleam divine
That bless'd his infant prayer;

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile;
While hearts, he deem'd, beat true and right,
Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny, morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive;
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King?
He sworn with us to be?
The birds that chant before the spring,
Are truer far than we.

The African Church.

"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance."
Rom. xi. 29.

THE lions prowl around, thy grave to guard,
And Moslem prayers profane
At morn and eve come sounding: yet unscared
The Holy Shades remain :—
Cyprian, thy chief of watchmen, wise and bold,
Trusting the lore of his own loyal heart,
And Cyprian's Master, as in age high-soul'd,
Yet choosing as in youth the better part.
There, too, unwearied Austin, thy keen gaze
On Atlas' steep, a thousand years and more,
Dwells, waiting for the first rekindling rays,
When Truth upon the solitary shore
For the fall'n West may light his beacon as of yore.

Hooker.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—*Rom.* xiii. 12.

Voice of the wise of old!
Go breathe thy thrilling whispers now
In cells where learned eyes late vigils hold,
And teach proud Science where to vail her brow.

Voice of the meekest man!
Now while the Church for combat arms,
Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban,
Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms.

Voice of the fearless Saint!
Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
Beat high for truth, but, doubting, cower and faint:—
Tell them, the hour is come, and they must take
their parts.

Dissent.

The One Way.

"That we should earnestly contend for the faith that was once [for all] delivered unto the saints."—*St. Jude* 3.

ONE only Way to life:
One Faith, deliver'd once for all;
One holy Band, endow'd with Heaven's high call;
One earnest, endless strife;—
This is the Church th' Eternal framed of old.

Smooth open ways, good store;
A Creed for every clime and age,
By Mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er;
No cross, no war to wage;
This is the Church our earth-dimm'd eyes behold.

But ways must have an end,
Creeds undergo the trial-flame,
Nor with th' impure the Saints for ever blend,
Heaven's glory with our shame :—
Think on that hour, and choose 'twixt soft and bold.

Let us Depart Hence [e].

Profanation.

Is there no sound about our Altars heard
  Of gliding forms that long have watched in vain
  For slumbering discipline to break her chain,
And aim the bolt by Theodosius fear'd?
" Let us depart ;"—these English souls are sear'd,
  Who, for one grasp of perishable gold,
  Would brave the curse by holy men of old
Laid on the robbers of the shrines they rear'd;

[e] Μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντεῦθεν. Among the portents which took place before the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, the following is mentioned by Josephus: " During the festival which is called Pentecost, the priests, by night, having come into the inner temple to perform their services, as was their custom, reported that they perceived, first a motion, a noise, and then they heard as it were a great crowd, saying, 'Let us depart hence.'" Vide Bishop Newton on the Prophecies, vol. ii. Dissert. 18.

Who shout for joy to see the ruffian band
Come to reform, where ne'er they came to pray,
E'en where, unbidden, Seraphs never trod.
Let us depart, and leave the apostate land
To meet the rising whirlwind as she may,
Without her guardian Angels and her God.

Athanasian Creed.

"SEEK we some realm where virgin souls may pray
In faith untarnish'd by the sophist's scorn,
And duly raise on each diviner morn
The Psalm that gathers in one glorious lay
All chants that e'er from heaven to earth found way:
Majestic march! as meet to guide and time
Man's wandering path in life's ungenial clime,
As Aaron's trump for the dread Ark's array.
Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
And calm-breathed warning of the kindliest love
That ever heaved a wakeful mother's breast,
(True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove,)
Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
To thy recalling, tempted else to rove?

Burial Service.

And they who grudge the Omnipotent His praise,
What wonder if they grudge the dead his hope?
The irreverent, restless eye finds room and scope,
E'en by the grave, to wrangle, pry, and gaze.
Heaven in its mercy hides, but man displays;
Heaven throws a gleam, where they would darken all;
A shade, where they, forgetting worm and pall,
Sing triumph; they excite, but Heaven allays.
Alas, for England's mourners, if denied
The soothing tones of Hope, though faint and low,
Or swoln up high with partial tearless pride!
Better in silence hide their dead, and go,
Than sing a hopeless dirge, or coldly chide
The faith that owns release from earthly woe.

Length of the Prayers.

"But Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
And the blithe world, with bells and harness proud,
Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud,
It drowns the Eternal Word, the Angelic Song;
And one by one the weary, listless throng
Steals out of church, and leaves the choir unseen
Of winged guards to weep, where prayer had been,
That souls immortal find that hour too long.
Most fatal token of a falling age!
Wit ever busy, Learning ever new,
Unsleeping Fancy, Eloquence untir'd;—
Prayer only dull! The Saints' and Martyrs' page
A tedious scroll; the scorn'd and faithful few
Left to bewail such beauty undesired."

A Remnant.

SONS of our Mother! such the indignant strain
Might haply strike, this hour, a pastor's ear,
Purged to discern, for once, the aerial train
Of heavenly sentinels yet lingering here;
And what if, blending with the chant austere,
A soft inviting note attune the close?
"We go;—but faithful hearts will find us near,
Who cling beside their Mother in her woes,
Who love the Rites that erst their fathers lov'd,
Nor tire of David's Hymn, and Jesus' Prayer:—
Their quiet Altars, wheresoe'er remov'd,
Shall clear with incense sweet the unholy air;
In persecution safe, in scorn approv'd,
Angels, and He who rules them, will be there."

Jeremiah.

The Patriot.

"Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans."—*Jer.* xxxvii. 13.

THEY say, "The man is false, and falls away:"
Yet sighs my soul in secret for their pride;
Tears are mine hourly food, and night and day
I plead for them, and may not be denied.

They say, "His words unnerve the warrior's hand,
And dim the statesman's eye, and disunite
The friends of Israel:" yet, in every land,
My words, to Faith, are Peace, and Hope, and Might.

They say, "The frenzied one is fain to see
Glooms of his own; and gathering storms afar;—
But dungeons deep, and fetters strong have we."
Alas! Heaven's lightning would ye chain and bar?

Ye scorners of th' Eternal! wait one hour;
In His seer's weakness ye shall see His power.

The Ruler of the Nations.

"I have set thee this day over the nations, and over the kingdoms."—*Jer.* i. 10.

"THE Lord hath set me o'er the kings of earth,
To fasten and uproot, to build and mar;
Not by mine own fond will: else never war
Had still'd in Anathoth the voice of mirth,
Nor from my native tribe swept bower and hearth:
Ne'er had the light of Judah's royal star
Fail'd in mid heaven, nor trampling steed and car
Ceas'd from the courts that saw Josiah's birth.
'Tis not in me to give or take away,
But He who guides the thunder-peals on high,
He tunes my voice, the tones of His deep sway
Faintly to echo in the nether sky.
Therefore I bid earth's glories set or shine,
And it is so; my words are sacraments divine."

The Avenger.

"This man is worthy to die: for he hath prophesied against this city."—*Jer.* xxvi. 11.

"No joy of mine to invite the thunder down,
No pride, th' uprising whirlwind to survey,
How gradual from the north, with hideous frown
It veers in silence round the horizon grey,
And one by one sweeps the bright isles away,
Where fondly gaz'd the men of worldly peace,
Dreaming fair weather would outlast their day.
Now the big storm-drops fall, their dream must cease—
They know it well, and fain their ire would wreak
On the dread arm that wields the bolt; but He
Is out of reach, therefore on me they turn;—
On me, that am but voice, fading and weak,
A wither'd leaf inscribed with Heaven's decree,
And blown where haply some in fear may learn."

The Herald of Woe.

"I said, I will not make mention of him . . . . But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire."—*Jer.* xx. 9.

"SAD privilege is mine, to shew
What hour, which way, the bitter streams will flow.
Oft have I said, 'enough—no more
To uncharm'd ears th' unearthly strain I pour!'
But the dread word its way would win,
E'en as a burning fire my bones within,
And I was forced to tell aloud
My tale of warning to the reckless proud."
Awful warning! yet in love
Breathed on each believing ear,
How Heaven in wrath would seem to move
The landmarks of a thousand year,
And from the tablets of th' eternal sky
The covenant oath erase of God Most High.
That hour, full timely was the leaf unroll'd,
Which to the man belov'd the years of bondage told,
And till his people's chain should be outworn,
Assign'd him for his lot times past and times unborn.

The Comforter.

"O ye remnant of Judah, go ye not into Egypt."—*Jer.* xlii. 19.

"O SWEETLY timed, as e'er was gentle hand
Of mother press'd on weeping infant's brow,
Is every sign that to His fallen land
Th' Almighty sends by prophet mourners now.
The glory from the ark is gone,—
The mystic cuirass gleams no more,
In answer from the Holy One,—
Low lies the temple, wondrous store
Of mercies seal'd with blood each eve and morn;
Yet Heaven hath tokens for faith's eye forlorn.

"Heaven by my mouth was fain to stay
The pride that, in our evil day,
Would fain have struggled in Chaldea's chain:
Nay kiss the rod: th' Avenger needs must reign:

And now, though every shrine is still,
Speaks out by me the unchanging Will;
'Seek not to Egypt; there the curse will come;
But, till the woe be past, round Canaan roam,
And meekly 'bide your hour beside your ruin'd
home.'"

Sacrilege.

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee."—*Job* xlii. 5.

I.

'Twas on the day [f] when England's Church of yore
Hail'd the New Year—a day to angels known,
Since holy Gabriel to meek Mary bore
The presence-token of th' Incarnate Son—
Up a low vale a Shepherd strayed alone;
Slow was his step and lowly bent his eye,
Save when at times a thought of tasks undone
His waken'd wincing memory stung too nigh:
Then startled into speed, else wandering wearily.

[f] The above was written March 25, 1833, whilst the Irish Church Bill was in progress.

II.

A Shepherd he, but not of lambs and ewes,
But of that flock redeem'd with precious Blood;
Thoughtless too oft, now deeply seen to muse
O'er the cold lea and by the rushing flood,
And where the pathway skirts the leafless wood,
And the heap'd snow, in mockery of the spring,
Lies mantling primrose flower and cowslip bud,
And scared birds forget to build and sing,
So rudely the cold North has brush'd each tender wing.

III.

These Easter snows, of evil do they bode?
Of Faith's fair blossoms withering ere their prime;
And of a glorious Church that early glow'd
Bright as yon crown of stars in cold clear time,
That never sets, pride of our arctic clime,

Now deeply plunged where tempests drive and
sweep,
Wavering and flickering, while rude gusts of
crime
Rush here and there across th' ethereal deep,
And scarce one golden isle her station seems to keep?

IV.

Nay,—'tis our human eyes, our airs of earth,
That waver; yet on high th' unquenched stars
Blaze as they blazed, and in their might go forth:
The Spouse of Heaven nor crime nor rapine mars.
But the Most High permits these earthly jars,
That souls yet hearing only, may awake
And see Him near, and feel and own the bars
'Twixt them and Him. O be Thou near, to make
The worldly dream dissolve, the seared conscience
ache!

V.

But chiefly theirs, who at Thine Altar serve,
And for the souls elect Thy life-blood pour;
O grief and shame, when aged pastors swerve
To the base world or wild schismatic lore.

Alas, too lightly, by Thine open door,
They had been listening; not within the shrine
Kneeling in Christian calmness to adore,
Else had they held untired by Thee and Thine:
Nor gain nor fancy then had lured them from Thy shrine.

v.

Lord of a world in years, a Church decayed,
If from Thy whirlwind answering, as of old
Thou with the vile wilt plead, till we have laid
Our hand upon our mouth, and truly told
Our tale of contrite faith—(O not too bold
The prayer)—then welcome whirlwind, anger, woe,
Welcome the flash that wakes the slumbering fold
Th' Almighty Pastor's arm and eye to know,
And turn their dreamy talk to holy Fear's stern glow.

United States.

"Because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Aha, she is broken that was the gates of the people: she is turned unto me: I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste: Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus."—*Ezek.* xxvi. 2, 3.

TYRE of the *farther* [g] West! be thou too warn'd
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou scorn'd
Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread?
Why lies the Cross unhonour'd on thy ground,
While in mid air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrob'd of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be bless'd where Saints and Angels haunt?

[g] This expression refers to the poem which immediately preceded it in the *Lyra Apostolica*, beginning "Tyre of the West." It was signed δ, and is reprinted in Dr. Newman's poems.

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.
O while thou yet hast room, fair fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stain'd thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest, lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea,
Blend sounds of Ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mock'd when Salem fell: where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doom'd and fire:
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned merchants' graves.

Champions of the Truth.

The Watchman.

"Who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—*Isa.* vi. 8.

DULL thunders moan around the Temple Rock,
And deep in hollow caves, far underneath,
The lonely watchman feels the sullen shock,
His footsteps timing as the low winds breathe;
Hark! from the Shrine is ask'd, What stedfast heart
Dares in the storm go forth? Who takes th' Almighty's part?

And with a bold gleam flush'd, full many a brow
Is rais'd to say, "Behold me, Lord, and send."
But ere the words be breathed, some broken vow
Remember'd, ties the tongue; and sadly blend
With Faith's pure incense, clouds of conscience dim,
And faltering tones of guilt mar the Confessor's hymn.

The Creed.

If waiting by the time-crown'd halls,
Which nurtur'd us for Christ in youth,
We love to watch on the grey walls
The lingering gleam of Evangelic Truth;—
If to the spoilers of the soul,
Proudly we shew our banner'd scroll,
And bid them our old war-cry hear,
"God is my Light[h]: whom need I fear!"
How bleak, that hour, across our purpose high,
Sweeps the chill damping shade of thoughtless years gone by!

How count we then lost eve and morn,
The bell unwelcom'd, prayer unsaid,
And holy hours and days outworn
In youth's wild race, Sin's lesson newly read!

[h] "Dominus illuminatio mea" is the motto of the University of Oxford.

Then deem we, "ill could Angels brook
That lore that on our lips we took,
On lips profane celestial lore:"
And hardly dare we keep the door,
Though sentries sworn: the memory thrills so keen,
How with unready hearts at first we ventured in.

Spoliation.

But sadder strains, and direr bodings dark,
Come haunting round th' Almighty's captive ark,
By proud Philistian hosts beset,
With axe and dagger newly whet
To hew the holy gold away,
And seize their portion as they may.
Fain would we fix th' unswerving foot, and bare
The strong right arm, to share
The glorious holy war; but how undo
The knot our father tied? Are we not spoilers too?

How for God's Altar may that arm be bold,
Where cleaves the rust of sacrilege of old?
Oh, would my country once believe,
But once her contrite bosom heave,
And but in wish or vow restore
But one fair shrine despoil'd of yore!

How would the windows of th' approving sky
Shower down the dews on high!
Arm'd Levites then, within the Temple dome,
Might we the foe await, nor yet profane God's home.

Vain disappointing dream! but oh! not vain,
If haply on the wakening heart remain
The vow of pure self-sacrifice,
The conscience yearning to devise
How God may have His treasure lost,
And we not serve Him without cost.
To such methought I heard an Angel say,
"Offer not all to-day,
While spoilers keep the shrine: yet offer all,
Treasurer of God's high cause: half priestly is thy call."

Church and King.

NOR wants there Seraph warnings, morn and eve,
And oft as to the holiest Shrine we bear
Our pure, unbloody gifts, what time our prayer
In Heaven's sure ward all Christian kings would leave.
Why should that prayer be faltering? Wherefore heave
With sadness loyal hearts, when hallow'd air
That solemn suffrage hears? Alas! our care
Is not for storms without, but stains that cleave
Ingrain'd in memory, wandering thoughts profane;
Or worse, proud thoughts of our instructress meek,
The duteous Church, Heaven-prompted to that strain.
Thus, when high mercy for our King we seek,
Back on our wincing hearts our prayers are blown
By our own sins, worst foes to England's throne.
And with our own, the offences of our land
Too well agree to build our burthen high,
Christ's charter blurr'd with coarse, usurping hand,

And gall'd with yoke of feudal tyranny
The shoulders where the keys of David lie.
Angel of England! who might thee withstand?
Who for the spoil'd and trampled Church deny
Thy suit in Heaven's high courts, might one true band
Of holy brethren, breathing English air,
Be found, their Cross in thine array to bear,
And for their Mother cast earth's dreams away?
Till then, all gaily as our pennons glance,
And at the trumpet's call the brave heart dance,
In fear and grief for Church and King we pray.

Oxford.

(From Bagley, at 8 a.m.)

THE flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
Are safe, and clear as by a summer's sea
Pierce the calm morning mist, serene and free,
To point in silence heavenward. There are met
Thy foster-children ;—there in order set
Their nursing fathers, sworn to Heaven and thee
(An oath renew'd this hour on bended knee,)
Ne'er to betray their Mother nor forget.—
Lo ! on the top of each aerial spire
What seems a star by day, so high and bright,
It quivers from afar in golden light :
But 'tis a form of earth, though touch'd with fire
Celestial, rais'd in other days to tell
How, when they tired of prayer, Apostles fell.

Fire.

PART I.

"The Lord thy God is a consuming fire."—*Deut.* iv. 24.

Nadab and Abihu.

"Away, or e'er the Lord break forth!
The pure ethereal air
Cannot abide the spark of earth,
'Twill lighten and not spare."

"Nay, but we know our call divine,
We feel our hearts sincere;
What boots it where we light our shrine,
If bright it blaze and clear?"

God of the unconsuming fire,
On Horeb seen of old,
Stay, Jealous One, Thy burning ire . . . .
It may not be controlled!

The Lord breaks out, the unworthy die;
Lo! on the cedar floor
The robed and mitred corses lie—
Be silent and adore.

Tokens.

Yet sure a holy seed were they,
Pure hands had o'er them past,
Curass and crown, their bright array,
In Heaven's high mould were cast.

"Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He shewed them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." S. John xx.

Is He not near? O trust His seal
Th' atoning blood hath drench'd them o'er,
Peace on His lips, in His hands and side
His mystic balm hath seal'd
The wounds of love. He stays the trembling knee,
And not the blood-stone, no more,
Nerves the faint arm, His aid to guide.
Is He not near? O trust His seal
No charm the anointing yield?
Baptismal, yet uncancell'd on thy brow;
Silence, ye brethren, of the dead,
Trust the kind love His holy mouth's reveal,
Ye Father's tears, be still;
Oft as His altar hears thy deep heart-searching vow.
But choose them out a lonely bed
Beside the mountain rill;

And trust the calm, the joy benigh,
Then bear them as they lie, their brows
That o'er the obedient breast shine's still hour,
Scathid with the avenging fire,
When Sunday lights with summer airs combine,
And wearing (sign of broken vows)
And shadows blend from cloud and bower.
The blast, the dread attire.

And if the world sin on, yet heed not the grave,
Nor leave unwept their desert grave,
Some proud mourners, some learn to
But mourn their pride and thine,
pray,
Oft as rebellious thought shall crave
To question worlds divine
Some slumberer rouse to the vision glare,
And trims his waning lamp, and waits for day.

The Burning at Taberah.

THE fire of Heaven breaks forth,
When haughty Reason pries too near,
Weighing th' eternal mandate's worth
In philosophic scales of earth,
Selecting these for scorn, and those for holy fear.

Nor burns it only then:
The poor that are not poor in heart,—
Who say, "The bread of Christian men,
We loathe it, o'er and o'er again,"—
The murmurers in the camp, must feel the blazing dart

Far from the Lord's tent-door,
And therefore bold to sin, are they:
"What should we know of Faith's high lore?"
Oh! plead not so—there's wrath in store,
And temper'd to our crimes the lightnings find their way.

Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

Dathan and Abiram.

" How long endure this priestly scorn,
Ye sons of Israel's eldest born?
Shall two, the meanest of their tribe,
To the Lord's host the way prescribe,
And feed our wildering phantasy
With every soothing dream and lie
Their craft can coin? We see our woe,
Lost Egypt's plenty well we know:
But where the milk and honey?—where
The promised fields and vineyards fair?
Lo! wise of heart and keen of sight
Are these—ye cannot blind them quite—
Not as our sires are we: we fear not open light."

Korah.

"And we too, Levites though we be,
We love the song of liberty.
Did we not hear the Mountain Voice
Proclaim the Lord's impartial choice?
The camp is holy, great and small,
Our God His home in all will make.—

What if no priestly finger strake
By your Lord's creative breath,
Or blood or oil o'er robe or brow,
Breathing hope, and scorn of death;
Will He not hear His people's vow?
Love untired, on pardon leaning,
Lord of all Earth, will He no sign
Joy, all mercies sweetly gleaning;
Grant but to Aaron's haughty line?
Zeal, the bolts of Heaven to dart,
Our censers are as yours: we dare you to the
Fragrant purity of heart;—
shrine."
By the voice ineffable,
Thus spake the proud at prime of morn;
Where was their place at eve? Ye know
Rocks of the wild in sunder torn,
By His word, and by His hour
When the promise came with power,—
By His Holy Spirit's token,
By His saintly chain unbroken,

Gifts.

"And having said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—*St. John* xx. 22.

Levites and Danites, one and all,

Waking your amazed thoughts with an Almighty
spell,

And altars scath'd with fires of woe!
Earth heard and sank, and they were gone;
Only their dismal parting groan
The shuddering ear long time will haunt.

Thus rebels fare: but ye profane,
And trust the wrath of Jesus' foes;
Who dared th' anointing Power disdain
They feel Him near, and hate His mark on you;
For freedom's rude unpriestly vaunt,
O take their word, ye whom He lov'd and chose!
Dire is the fame for you in store:
Be joyful in your King; the rebels own you true.
Your molten censers evermore
Th' atoning altar must inlay;
Memorial to the kneeling quires
That Mercy's God hath judgment fires
For high-voiced Korahs in their day.

Elijah and the Messengers of Ahaziah.

Oh! surely Scorner is his name,
Who to the Church will errands bring
From a proud world or impious king,
And, without fear or shame,
In mockery own them "Men of God,"
O'er whom he gaily shakes the miscreant spoiler's rod.

But if we be God's own indeed,
Then is there fire in heaven, be sure,
And bolts deep-wounding, without cure,
For the blasphemer's seed;—
Wing'd are they all, and aim'd on high,
Against the hour when Christ shall hear His martyrs' cry.

Oh! tell me not of royal hosts;—
One hermit, strong in fast and prayer,
Shall gird his sackcloth on, and scare
Whate'er the vain earth boasts;
And thunder-stricken chiefs return
To tell their Lord how dire the Church's lightnings burn.

The Gathering of the Church.

"He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—*Philipp.* i. 6.

PART I.

"Our God is a consuming fire."—*Hebr.* xii. 29.

WHEREFORE shrink, and say, "'Tis vain;
In their hour her powers shall reign;
Vainly, vainly would we force
AND dare ye deem God's ire must cease
Fatal error's torrent course;
In Christ's new realm of peace?
Earth is mighty, we are frail,
'Tis true, beside the scorner's gate
Faith is gone, and hope must fail."
The Lord long-suffering deign'd to wait,
Nor on the guilty town
Yet along the Church's sky
Call'd the stern fires of old Elijah down:
Stars are scatter'd, pure and high;
A victim, not a judge, He came,
Yet her wasted gardens bear
With His own blood to slake th' avenging flame.
Autumn violets, sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Now, by those hands so rudely rent
Earnest of a bright new year.
The bow of Heaven is bent;
And ever and anon His darts
Israel yet hath thousands seal'd,
Find out e'en here the faithless hearts,
Who to Baal never kneel'd;

The Samaritans spared.

Now gliding silently,
Lengthening, while the world lasts on,
Now rushing loud, and blazing broad and high,
From His cross unto His throne,—
A shower or e'er that final storm
Guardians of His virgin spouse!
Leave earth a molten ocean without form.
Know that His might is yours, whose breathing
seal'd your vows.

True Love, all gentle though she be,
Hath eyes, the wrath to see:
Nor may she fail in faith to pray
For hastening of Redemption's day,
Though with the triumph come
Forebodings of the dread unchanging doom:—
Though with the Saints' pure lambent light
Fires of more lurid hue mysteriously unite.

Julian.

DREAD glimpses, e'en in gospel times, have been;
Nor was the holy Household mute,
Nor did she not th' Avenger's march salute
With somewhat of exulting mien.—
Angel harps! of you full well
That measure stern
The Church might learn
When th' apostate Cæsar fell;—
Proud champion he, and wise beyond the rest,
His shafts not at the Church, but at her Lord addrest.

What will He do, the Anointed One on high,
Now that hell-powers and powers of Rome
Are banded to reverse His foemen's doom,
And mar His Sovereign Majesty?
Seers in Paradise enshrin'd!
Your glories now
Must quail and bow
To th' high-reaching force of mind—

Vainly o'er Salem rolls your dooming tone :
Her sons have heard, this hour, a mightier trumpet blown.

The foes of Christ are gathering, sworn to build
Where he had sworn to waste and mar ;
Plummet and line, arms of old Babel's war,
Are ready round Moriah's field.—
But the clouds that lightning breathe
Were ready too,
And, bursting through,
Billows from the wrath beneath,
For Christ and for His Seers so keenly wrought,
They half subdued to faith the proud man's dying thought.

Revive that prayer, morn, night, and noon
In city, mine, or dale;
Else will the sounds of earth too soon
O'er the dread Voice prevail.

The Fall of Babylon.

Help us to sing Thine ocean-song
BUT louder yet the heavens shall ring,
Each in his home on shore,
And brighter gleam each Seraph's wing,
The note Thou gav'st do Thou prolong
When, doom'd of old by every Prophet's lyre,
Through life, and evermore.
Theme of the Saints' appealing cry,
While underneath the shrine they lie,
Proud Babel in her hour sinks in her sea of fire.

Morning Hymn.

"He walked on the water to go to Jesus."—*St. Matt.* xiv. 29.

While worldlings from afar bemoan
The shatter'd Antichristian throne,
SLOWLY the gleaming stars retire,
The golden idol bruis'd to summer dust—
The eastern heaven is all on fire;
"Where are her gems?—her spices, where?
The waves have felt the unrisen sun,
Tower, dome, and arch, so proud and fair—
Their matin service is begun.
Confusion is their name—the name of all earth's trust."

Lord of the boundless sky and sea,
In loving fear we kneel to Thee,
The while for joy and victorious right hand,
Seers and Apostles sing on high,
Reach'd to Thine own bright land,—

Chief Shepherd, pure and great, is Roman earth :
Fair is Babel in her fretful mood,
Splendid when she triumphs, when she mourns,
Who hears all suing prides take part in angels' mirth.

What if to the trumpet's sound
Voices few come answering round?
Scarce a votary swell the burst,
When the anthem peals at first?
God hath sown, and He will reap;
Growth is slow when roots are deep;

He will aid the work begun,
For the love of His dear Son;
He will breathe in their true breath,
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan
Bright as when their glow began.

Divine Wrath.

THUS evermore the Saints' avenging God
With His dread fires hath scath'd th' unholy ground;
Nor wants there, waiting round th' uplifted rod,
Watchers in heaven and earth, aye faithful found.

God's armies, open-eyed His aim attend,
Wondering how oft these warning notes will peal,
Ere the great trump be blown, the Judge descend:
Man only wears cold look and heart of steel.

Age after age, where Antichrist hath reign'd
Some flame-tipt arrow of th' Almighty falls,
Imperial cities lie in heaps profan'd,
Fire blazes round apostate council-halls.

And if the world sin on, yet here and there
Some proud soul cowers, some scorner learns to pray;
Some slumberer rouses at the beacon glare,
And trims his waning lamp, and waits for day.

Commune Pontificum.

Calling.

"At evening, being the first day of the week, the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews."—*St. John* xx. 19.

"ARE the gates sure?—is every bolt made fast?
No dangerous whisper wandering through—
Dare we breathe calm, and unalarm'd forecast
Our calls to suffer or to do?"
O ye of little faith! twelve hours ago,
He whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear; nor sealed stone below
Barred Him, nor mailed guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed! His own have seen,
They who denied, have seen His face,
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not lean
Upon His outstretch'd arm of grace?

Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new heaven,
Or gather'd or apart, shine clear!
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
The Invisible is waiting near.

Tokens.

"Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He shewed them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."—*St. John* xx. 19, 20.

Is He not near?—look up and see:
Peace on His lips, and in His hands and side
The wounds of love. He stays the trembling knee,
Nerves the frail arm, His ark to guide.
Is He not near? O trust His seal
Baptismal, yet uncancell'd on thy brow;
Trust the kind love His holy months reveal,
Oft as His altar hears thy deep heart-searching vow.

And trust the calm, the joy benign,
That o'er the obedient breathes in life's still hour,
When Sunday lights with summer airs combine,
And shadows blend from cloud and bower.

And trust the wrath of Jesus' foes;
They feel Him near, and hate His mark on you;
O take their word, ye whom He lov'd and chose!
Be joyful in your King; the rebels own you true.

Seals.

"Then said Jesus unto them again, Peace be unto you: as My Father hath sent Me, so send I you."—*St. John* xx. 21.

AND shrink ye still?—He nearer draws,
And to His mission and His cause
Welcomes His own with words of grace and might:
"Peace be to you!"—their peace, who stand
In sentry with God's sword in hand,
The peace of Christ's lov'd champions warring in His sight.

"Peace be to you!"—their peace, who feel
E'en as the Son the Father's seal,
So they the Son's; each in his several sphere
Gliding on fearless angel wing,
One heart in all, one hope, one King,
Each an Apostle true, a crown'd and robed seer.

Sent as the Father sent the Son,
'Tis not for you to swerve nor shun
Or power or peril; ye must go before:
If caught in the fierce bloody shower,
Think on your Lord's o'erwhelming hour;
Are ye not priests to Him who the world's forfeit bore?

Throned in His Church till He return,
Why should ye fear to judge and spurn [1]
This evil world, chain'd at His feet and yours?
Why with dejected faltering air
Your rod of more than empire bear?
Your brows are royal yet; God's unction aye endures.

[1] Vide Rev. ii. 26—28, which is also addressed to a Christian Bishop.

Gifts.

"And having said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—*St. John* xx. 22.

By your Lord's creative breath,
Breathing hope, and scorn of death;
Love untired, on pardon leaning,
Joy, all mercies sweetly gleaning;
Zeal, the bolts of Heaven to dart,
Fragrant purity of heart;—
By the voice ineffable,
Wakening your mazed thoughts with an Almighty spell;

By His word, and by His hour
When the promise came with power,—
By His Holy Spirit's token,
By His saintly chain unbroken,

Lengthening, while the world lasts on.
From His cross unto His throne,—
Guardians of His virgin spouse!
Know that His might is yours, whose breathing seal'd your vows.

Arms.

"Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."—*St. John* xx. 23.

BEHOLD your armoury:—sword and lightning shaft,
Cull'd from the stores of God's all-judging ire,
And in your wielding left! The words, that waft
Power to your voice absolving, point with fire
Your awful curse. O grief! should Heaven's dread Sire
Have stayed, for you, the mercy-dews of old
Vouchsafed, when pastors' arms in deep desire
Were spread on high to bless the kneeling fold!
If censure sleep, will absolution hold?
Will the great King affirm their acts of grace,
Who careless leave to cankering rust and mould
The flaming sword that should the unworthy chase
From His pure Eden? O beware! lest vain
Their sentence to *remit*, who never dare *retain*.

Light.

HAIL! gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured
Who is th' immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our Lord!
Now we are come to the Sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine!
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of Life, alone!
Therefore, in all the world, Thy glories, Lord, they own[k].

[k] *Hymn of the 1st or 2nd Century: preserved by St. Basil.*—[*Vid. Routh. Reliqu. Sacr.*, iii. p. 299.]

φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς,
Οὐρανίου, ἁγίου, μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡλίου δύσιν,
ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινόν,
ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, καὶ Υἱὸν, καὶ Ἅγιον Πνεῦμα Θεοῦ,
ἄξιος εἶ ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς ὁσίαις
Υἱὲ Θεοῦ, ζωὴν ὁ διδούς·
διὸ ὁ κοσμός σε δοξάζει.

The Gathering of the Church.

"He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—*Philipp.* I. 6.

WHEREFORE shrink, and say, "'Tis vain;
In their hour hell-powers must reign;
Vainly, vainly would we force
Fatal error's torrent course;
Earth is mighty, we are frail,
Faith is gone, and hope must fail."

Yet along the Church's sky
Stars are scatter'd, pure and high;
Yet her wasted gardens bear
Autumn violets, sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Earnest of a bright new year.

Israel yet hath thousands seal'd,
Who to Baal never kneel'd;

Seize the banner, spread its fold!
Seize it with no faltering hold!
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there!

What if to the trumpet's sound
Voices few come answering round?
Scarce a votary swell the burst,
When the anthem peals at first?
God hath sown, and He will reap;
Growth is slow when roots are deep;

He will aid the work begun,
For the love of His dear Son;
He will breathe in their true breath,
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan
Bright as when their glow began.

Hymns for Emigrants [1].

Midnight.

"And He was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow."—*St. Mark* iv. 38.

LORD, lift my heart to Thee at morn,
For Thou art very near;
Thy voice upon the waves is borne,
Thee in the winds I hear.

The winds and waves that chime all night
When I am dreaming laid;
A tune so soothing in its might,
I scarce can be afraid.

And yet 'tis awful music, fraught
With memories scorn'd at home;
And whispereth many a boding thought
Of trial-years to come.

[1] Printed in the first edition of "Prayers for Emigrants," published by Groombridge for the Emigration Office.

O, Love unseen, we know Thee nigh,
When Ocean rageth most,
Thou bidd'st us come to Thee, and cry
"Lord, save us, we are lost!"

Thou seem'st to sleep that we may pray,
Full deeply dost Thou hide;
Forgotten through the calm clear day,
Nor own'd at even-tide.

But when the darksome gales begin,
The rude waves urge their race,
Man, startled from his sloth and sin,
Seeks out Thine hiding-place.

Well if we pray till Thou awake!
One word, one breath of Thee
Soft silence in the heart will make,
Calm peace upon the sea.

Lord of our homes, and of our graves!
If ever while we lay
Beneath Thy stars, amid Thy waves,
Our souls have learn'd to pray,

Revive that prayer, morn, night, and noon
In city, mine, or dale;
Else will the sounds of earth too soon
O'er the dread Voice prevail.

Help us to sing Thine ocean-song
Each in his home on shore,
The note Thou gav'st do Thou prolong
Through life, and evermore.

Morning Hymn.

"He walked on the water to go to Jesus."—*St. Matt.* xiv. 29.

SLOWLY the gleaming stars retire,
The eastern heaven is all on fire;
The waves have felt the unrisen sun,
Their matin service is begun.

Lord of the boundless sky and sea,
In loving fear we kneel to Thee,
Fain would we grasp the strong right hand,
Reach'd to Thine own by sea and land,—

The hand that did Thy Saint uphold,
When love had made him overbold;
What time at twilight dawn he stood
Half-sinking in the boisterous flood;

He cried to Thee, and Thou didst save.
So we, Thine ocean-wanderers, crave
Ere the bright flush of morn be o'er,
Thy blessing, Lord, for one day more.

Still onward, as to Southern skies
We spread our sail, new stars arise;
New lights upon the glancing tide,
Fresh hues where pearl and coral hide.

What are they all, but tokens true
Of grace for ever fresh and new:
True tokens of Thine awful love
Around us, Father, and above?

And we would daily, nightly, draw
Nearer to Thee in love and awe;
Till in Love's home we pause at last,
Our anchor in the deep Heaven cast.

The while across the changeful sea
Feeling our way, we cling to Thee,
Unchanging Lord! and Thou dost mark
For each his station in Thine ark.

Still overhead the saving Sign
Streams, and we know that we are Thine.
What course soe'er the vessel take,
The signal of our King we make.

It hallows air and wave: and lo!
The heavens a glorious answer shew.
High and more high through southern skies
We see the unmoving Cross arise.

The Cross on board,—what need we more?
The Cross to welcome us ashore;
What need we more, if hearts be true,
Our voyage safe, our port in view?

If hearts be true: but O, dear Lord,
Which of us all may say the word?
Thy Spirit breathe this day! or we
Shall lose, ere night, ourselves and Thee.

Evening Hymn.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."—*Isaiah* xliii. 2.

THE twilight hour is sweet at home,
When sounds from brook and woodland come,
Or old familiar bells, that bring
The memories grave of many a spring.

At such soft times the genial air
Is fragrant with unbidden prayer,
And souls devout their longings pour
By Christmas hearth, or Whitsun bower.

And now upon the twilight sea
How may we choose but kneel to Thee,
While airs of Thine own breathing steal
O'er the hot calm, worn hearts to heal?

Now sails are moist with unseen dews,
Aërial lines of all bright hues
Lie on the level West afar,
And here and there one silent star.

O Lord, our Peace! and may we dare
With voices marred by sin and care,
To break the stillness, and upraise
The song of our unworthy praise?

Yea, as of old Thy Saints at eve
A blessing did of Thee receive,
When o'er the waves they took their way,
Thou to the mountain, Lord, to pray;

So may we trust that our frail bark,
Bearing aloft Thine awful mark,
Ere she began her ocean-race
Had portion in that word of grace.

For why? Thine everlasting Creed
Is ours, to say in time of need;
We waft the Name from coast to coast,
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ours too Thy prayer, according well
With Ocean's many voiced swell,
Which close to every ear begins,
Its way beyond all hearing wins.

The surging prow, the flashing wake
Music at hand unwearying make;
Waves upon waves repeat the song,
And through unbounded space prolong.

We say the Prayer our Saviour taught,
As household words with homely thought;
But angels bear it on and on
In all its meaning, to the Throne.

The frailest bark that ploughs the main,
The simplest child may raise the strain;
Heaven, earth, air, seas, will hear the call
"Our Father" harmonizing all.

But, O, that to Thy Prayer and Creed
Thine high Commands we join'd indeed,
Written in heart, on hand engraven;—
Three seals in one of grace and Heaven!

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All we have been, forgive, O Lord,
Keep Thou to-night our watch and ward:
Safe may we slumber on the sea,
Thou at the helm, our hearts with Thee!

The Innocents' Day [m].

"In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning."—*St. Matt.* ii. 18.

BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest!
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in His manger safe He lay,
By angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

[m] This and the three next poems are printed in the "Child's Christian Year."

'Tis ever thus: who Christ would win,
Must in the school of woe begin;
And still the nearest to His grace,
Know least of their own glorious place.

"Of such is the kingdom of God."—*St. Luke* xviii. 16.

First Sunday after Easter.

"And there are three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood; and these three agree in one."
1 *St. John* v. 8.

OUR God in glory sits on high:
Man may not see and live:
Yet witness of Himself on earth
For ever does He give.

His Spirit dwells in all good hearts;
All precious fruits of love,
Thoughts, words, and works, made holy, bear
His witness from above.

The Baptism waters have not ceas'd
To spread His Name, since first
From the Redeemer's wounded Side
The holy fountain burst.

That other stream of endless life,
His all-atoning Blood :
Is it not still our Cup of Grace ?
His Flesh, our spirits' food ?

O ! never may our sinful hearts,
What Thou hast joined, divide !
Thy Spirit in Thy mysteries still
For life, not death, abide !

Epistle.

" What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—*St. Matt.* xix. 6.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—*St. Matt.* xxi. 16.

Lo! from the Eastern hills the Lord
Descends in lowly state;
Let us go out with one accord,
And where He passes, wait.

Prepare, with willing hearts and true,
Glad hymn and garland gay:
O joy! if He should look on you,
And with His kind voice say,—

"I hear thee, and it is My will,
By thee to perfect praise;
I have a place for thee to fill,
Have mark'd thy times and ways;

"I, in the music of the blest,
To thee a part assign,
Only do thou sing out thy best,—
I call thee, be thou Mine."

Thine heart would beat full high, I know
If Jesus, on His way,
Had turn'd aside to greet thee so,
Thy very soul would pray.

But mark Him well one moment more,
Behold, the Saviour weeps;
He weeps while heaven and earth adore
Through all eternal deeps.

Why weeps He? for His people's sin,
And for thy follies all:
For each bad dream thine heart within,
Those tears the bitterer fall.

Gospel.

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in Thy truth; O knit my heart unto Thee, that I may fear Thy Name."—*Ps.* lxxxvi. 11.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."—*Eph.* ii. 1.

WHEN Christ to village comes or town,
With priests that on Him wait,
The Church her living dead lays down
Before Him in the gate.

For whoso know His will, and yet
Have stolen, sworn, or lied,
In His dread book their sin is set,
That hour, to Him, they died.

What if thou be but young in years,
A boy, or simple maid,
Yet in His sight thy soul appears
A corse for burial laid.

Thy sins, from His own holy place
Are bearing thee away,
But He may touch the bier, His grace
May bid thee rise and pray.

The Church, thy mother, weeps for thee,
Her tearful prayer perchance
May win the word of pardon, He
May break the deadly trance.

Only do thou sit up and speak
Soon as thou hear'st His call,
Him honour with confession meek,
He will forgive thee all.

Gospel.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—*Eph.* v. 14.

St. John's Day[n].

"He then, lying on Jesus' breast."—*St. John* xiii. 25.
"And I, John, saw these things and heard them."—*Rev.* xxii. 8.

WORD supreme, before creation
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation,
To be born on earth, and die;
Well Thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Now 'tis come, and faith espies Thee;
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in stedfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy belov'd, Thy latest born:
In Thy glory He descries Thee
Reigning from the tree of scorn.

[n] This, and the three next poems, are from the Salisbury Hymnal.

He upon Thy bosom lying
Thy true tokens learn'd by heart;
And Thy dearest pledge in dying
Lord, Thou didst to him impart.—
Shew'dst him how, all grace supplying,
Blood and water from Thee start.

He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore;
And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Much he ask'd in loving wonder,
On Thy bosom leaning, Lord!
In that secret place of thunder,
Answer kind didst Thou accord,
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

Lo! Heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above,
Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
"Little children, trust and love!"

Thee, the Almighty King eternal,
Father of the eternal Word;
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of both, the breath adored;
Heaven and earth, and realms infernal
Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.

Hursley, April 19, 1856.

For the Rogation Days.

"Thou visitest the earth and blessest it, Thou makest it very plenteous."—*Ps.* lxv. 9.

LORD in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year:

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

Malvern, Aug. 4, 1856.

Easter Eve.

"He went and preached unto the spirits in prison."
1 *Pet.* iii. 19.

FATHER and Lord of our whole life,
As Thine our burden and our strife,
As Thine it was to die and rise,
So Thine the grave and Paradise.

Lord of the eternal Sabbath-day,
Lo, at Thy tomb for rest we pray:
Here, rest from our own work; and there,
The perfect rest with Thee to share.

True God, true Flesh of Mary made,
In a true grave for sinners laid,
With Thee this mortal frame we trust;
O guard and glorify our dust!

Soul of the Lord, so freely breathed,
And to the Father's hands bequeathed,
Draw us with heart's desire to Thee,
When we among the dead are free.

Dread Preacher, who to fathers old
Didst wonders in the gloom unfold;
Thy perfect creed O may we learn
In Eden, waiting Thy return.

They saw Thy day, and heard Thy voice,
And in Thy glory did rejoice;
And Thou didst break their prison-bars,
And lead them high above the stars.

"Captivity led captive" then
Was sung by angels and by men:
Grant us the same to sing by faith,
Both now, and at the hour of death.

Our souls and bodies, Lord, receive
To Thine own blessed Easter Eve:
All our belov'd in mercy keep,
As one by one they fall asleep.

To Thee, who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
With the dread Father, as is meet,
And the eternal Paraclete. Amen.

Llandudno, Aug. 14, 1856.

Holy Matrimony.

To be sung at the Commencement of the Service.

"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."—*Eccles.* iv. 12.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar,
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.

July 12, 1857.

Translations of Ancient Church Hymns.

"SOMNO REFECTIS ARTUBUS."

(For an early Morning Service.)

Sleep has refresh'd our limbs: we spring
Out of our beds, as men in fear:
Look on us, Father, while we sing;
We pray Thee, be Thou very near.

Be Thou the first in every tongue;
Thine be each heart's first loving glow,
That all its doings, all day long,
O, Holy One, from Thee may flow.

Let darkness to the glory yield,
And gloom unto the star of day;
So may night's ill be purged and heal'd
By gift of Thy celestial ray.

So may night's harm (this too we ask
In humble prayer) be hewn away:
So praise may be our endless task,
E'en as we hymn Thee, Lord, to-day.

"JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE."

THE Star of day hath risen, and we
Must pray our God on bended knee,
From all our doings, all this day,
To chase and keep ill powers away.

The tongue to tune, and bridle in
From Discord's harsh, unpitying din:
With soothing hand to screen the sight
From eager gleams of vain delight.

Pure be the secrets of the heart,
Unruly will, stand thou apart.
The proud flesh bruise we, and control
By meat and drink in measured dole.

That when the day departs, and we
In course again the dim night see,
By self-denial clean, we may
His glory sing to whom we pray.

To God the Father glory be,
And glory, Only Son, to Thee;
With the most holy Paraclete,
Now, and for ever, as is meet.

"NOCTE SURGENTES."

WATCH us by night, with one accord uprising,
Psalms in due course our meditation always,
Hymns strong and sweet in all their might and softness
Sing we, adoring.

So to Love's King our melodies combining,
We may find grace with all the saints to enter
Love's palace hall, the blessed life among them
There to inherit.

Such be our boon from Thee, Thou blessed Godhead!
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost co-equal,
Grant it alike, as through the world Thy glory
Rings undivided.

"NUNC SANCTE."

E'EN now vouchsafe, Good Spirit, One
Both with the Father and the Son,
Into our hearts Thyself to pour,
A treasure heap'd and running o'er.

Eye, soul, tongue, mind, with all your might
In tones of perfect praise unite!
Celestial Love, break out and blaze,
Touch all around with living rays!

Father of Love, this boon confer,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
For ever reigning, Three in One.

"RECTOR POTENS."

(SIXTH HOUR.)

STRONG Ruler, God whose Word is truth,
Who ordering all things and their change,
With brightness dost the morn array,
And with Thy fires the noontide hour,

Quench Thou the flame, where'er is strife,
Take all our harmful heat away;
Health to our mortal bodies give,
And to our souls true peace of heart.

Grant it, O Father of all Love,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
Who reignest through all ages with
The Holy Ghost the Comforter. Amen.

"RERUM DEUS."

(NINTH HOUR.)

O GOD, th' enduring might of things,
Abiding in Thyself unmoved,
Who measurest out each time and tide
By changing lights from day to day;

Lord, grant it clear at eventide
That life may never fade, nor fall,
But everlasting brightness dawn
At once— true meed of holy death.

Grant it, O Father of all Love,
And Thou, co equal only Son,
Who reignest through all ages with
The Holy Ghost the Comforter. Amen.

"PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM."

(FOR SUNDAY MORNING[o].)

THIS glorious morn, Time's eldest born,
Wherein was framed the world we see,
And from the grave, our souls to save,
The Framer rose in victory;

From soul and eye let slumber fly;
Rise, one and all, with duteous speed;
And seek by night His kindly light,
As of that ancient [p] Seer we read.

Pray we in fear, so He may hear,
And His right hand reach out in love;
And, cleans'd from all earth's stain recall
His wanderers to their home above.

So, whosoe'er in chant and prayer
These stillest, holiest hours employ
Of His own day, on them He may
Rain blessings from His own rich joy.

[o] Altered from the Rev. W. Copeland's version. [p] Isaiah xxvi. 9.

Father of Light, serene and bright,
Now with o'erflowing hearts we pray,
Quench Thou the fire of foul desire
Each harmful deed drive far away.

Lest wandering sense, or dark offence
Corrupt this fallen, mortal frame,
And kindling lust make our frail dust
Meet fuel for Hell's fiercer flame.

Therefore we flee, good Lord, to Thee;
O throughly purge our deep disgrace;
In mercy give, that we may live,
True treasures from the eternal place.

So we the same whom carnal shame
Made exiles, now new-cleansed and bright,
E'en waiting here in prostrate fear
Our glory-hymn may learn aright.

Father of Love, this prayer approve,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
And Spirit blest, of both confest,
For ever reigning, Three in One.

"LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME."

(For Sunday Evening.[1])

Thou, Light's Creator, first and best,
By whom new days in light are drest,
The young world making glad and bright
By gleaming of that earliest light:

Whose wisdom joined in meet array
The morn and eve, and named them Day:—
Night glideth on in dim, dark air,—
Regard Thy people's tearful prayer!

Lest sin-bound souls with Thee at strife,
Prove outcasts from the gift of life;
While thinking but of earth and time
They weave them still new chains of crime.

O may we knock at Heaven's dread door,
And win the wreath that fades no more!
Shun harms without, clear hearts within
Of all their worst, their haunting sin.

[1] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

Father, do Thou this boon accord,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord!
Who with the Holy Ghost, and Thee,
Dost live and reign eternally.

"SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM."

(HOLY INNOCENTS.)

HAIL, Martyr-flowers, who gleaming forth,
Just on the edge of your brief day,
By Christ's keen foe were swept from earth,
As rosebuds by the whirlwind's sway!

The first-fruits unto Christ are ye,
His lambs new-slain, a tender sort,
E'en by the shrine in childlike glee
Ye with your palms and garlands sport.

Ah! what avails so dire a doom?
What boots the stain on Herod's soul?
The One of many 'scapes the tomb,
The Christ is gone, unharm'd and whole.

Far from their streaming blood who shared
His birth-hour, He at rest is laid:
The Virgin-born that steel hath spared
Which many a matron childless made.

So did one child of yore elude
  The wild laws of the wicked king,
With likeness of the Christ endued,
  Ordain'd His people home to bring.

"CULTOR DEI MEMENTO."

SERVANT of God, remember
The drops thy brow bedewing
From holy font, and laver,
The unction thee renewing.

See, that on brow and bosom,
When gentle sleep is calling,
The Cross abide to seal thee,
Upon thy chaste bed falling.

No gloom the Cross endureth,
All crime the Cross repelleth,
By that strong sign devoted
The soul unwavering dwelleth.

Begone, ye wandering portents,
Ye dreams so base and dreary;
Begone, unclean Deceiver,
Of cheating never weary.

O foul, O crooked Serpent,
A thousand mazes trying,
And winding frauds, to trouble
The hearts on Heaven relying.

Depart,—the Christ is present!
The Christ is present,—vanish!
The Sign that well thou knowest
Thee and thy crew shall banish.

What if awhile the body
Sink wearily reclining?
Faith wakes, in very slumber
The truth of Christ divining.

Praise to the Eternal Father,
To Christ, true King of Heaven,
And to the Blessed Spirit
Now, and for aye be given!

"CHORUS NOVÆ HIERUSALEM."[r]

THE choir of new Jerusalem
A new sweet song must choose and frame,
Her Paschal feast (O glad employ!)
So honouring with all sober joy.

See Christ the unconquered Lion rise!
The Dragon crush'd beneath Him lies.
His living voice thrills through the gloom,
The dead awakening from the tomb.

Insatiate Hell to light once more
Hath given the prey devour'd of yore,
And captives freed in due array
Are following Jesus on the way.

He triumphs now in glorious light.
By His great power, as meet and right,
The heavenly and the earthly kind
In one sole City He doth bind.

[r] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

He is our King, His soldiers we,
Our lowly chanted prayer must be
That He may station each and all
In His own glorious palace-hall.

Through ages that no limit know
Father Supreme, to Thee we owe
Glory and honour, with the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

"VEXILLA REGIS."

THE banners of the King appear,
The mystery of the Cross shines clear,
Whereby upon the Tree of shame
In flesh He hangs who flesh did frame.

With palms outstretch'd our Victim view
His very Heart nail'd through and through,
Vouchsafing, for Redemption's price,
Here to be slain in sacrifice.

And here too, wound on wound, we see
By dint of that dire lance, how He
To cleanse us caused His side to run
With Blood and Water all in one.

Fulfill'd* is now what David sings,
(True verse that through the wide world rings,)
"Among the nations all," saith he,
"The Lord hath reigned from the Tree."

* Ps. xcvi. 10. There was an ancient, but corrupt reading of this verse, "Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth from the Tree."

O stately Tree, so bright and fair,
Who dost the King's own purple wear,
Whose stem He chose and fitly framed
That holiest Form to touch unblamed!

O blessed, on whose arms sustained
The Ransom hung for all ordained!
His Body there in balance lay,
And spoil'd Hell-powers of all their prey.

Hail, Altar! awful Victim, hail!
Whose glorious pains did so prevail;
Whose Life bore Death, and did restore
By dying, Life for evermore.

Thee, Lord most highest, Three in One
With praise let every spirit own,
Whom by the mystery of the Tree
Thou sav'st, their Guide Eternal be!

"VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS."

DREAD Word, who from the Father hast
  Thy goings forth of old, now born,
When waning Time is well-nigh past,
  Sole succour to a world outworn,

Enlighten now all bosoms, Lord,
  Consume them with Thy love, we pray,
That heard at last, the Royal Word
  Earth's dreamy lights may chase away.

And when Thou com'st a Judge, one day,
  The heart's dim records to unrol,
Dark deeds with anguish to repay
  And with a crown the righteous soul,

We may not, for our several sin,
  Each in his chain of darkness lie,
But with the blest in glory win
  A virgin wreath eternally.

"VOX CLARA ECCE PERSONAT."

GIVE ear,—the Voice rings keen and true
The world's dim corners through and through:
Ye dreams and shadows, speed your flight,
Lo! Christ from heaven is darting light!

Now let each slumbering soul arise
That yet impure and wounded lies;
Now a new Star its light doth give,
And where it beams no ill may live.

The Lamb from heaven is on His way,
Our debt of His free love to pay.
O may we all with tears most meet,
And loving voice that mercy greet!

So when anew the Light doth rise,
A horror girding earth and skies,
Not as our sin Thy scourge may prove.
O shield us with Thy pitying love!

"PANGE LINGUA, GLORIOSI PRÆLIUM CERTAMINIS[t]."

SING, my tongue, of glorious warfare,
Sing the last, the dread affray!
O'er the Cross, high Victory's token,
Sound the glad triumphant lay,
How the Sacrifice enduring
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

He with our first father mourning
For his crime and broken faith,
Who of that ill fruit partaking
In a moment died the death,—
Mark'd e'en then a Tree to ransom
All the first tree's woe and scathe.

Such the work for our salvation
In its order fix'd and due;
Art, the Traitor's art to baffle
And his wiles of changeful hue;
Thence to draw the balm and healing
Whence the foe the poison drew.

[t] Altered from Dr. Neale's version.

Wherefore in His season's fitness,
When the sacred years were spent,
Came the Son, the world's Creator,
From the Father's palace sent,
From the Virgin's womb proceeding,
Flesh most pure and innocent.

Hear His cries, an Infant hidden
Where the narrow manger stands;
See the Mother Maid His members
Wrapping in rude lowly bands:
See the cradle-garments swathing
God's own feeble feet and hands!

Now, the thirty years accomplish'd,
(All the time to flesh assign'd,)
With good will, for therefore came He,
To His Agony resign'd,
On the Cross our Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice they bind.

Gall and vinegar, and spittle,
Reed and nails and lance, and lo!
Now the tender Form is pierced,
Now the Blood and Water flow!

Earth and stars, and sky, and ocean
Well that cleansing river know.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit Thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on Thee[u]!

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet,
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete;
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

[u] This stanza is taken altogether from Dr. Neale's version.

"O DEUS, EGO AMO TE."

FAIN would we love Thee, Lord; for Thou
  Didst love us first, and lo!
In willing chains to follow Thee
  Our freedom we forego.

Let memory nought to us recall,
  But of Thy love and praise;
Nor understanding brood on aught
  But Thee, and Thy dread ways.

No will but what we learn'd as Thine,
  (Thou knowest, Lord!) have we:
Whatever by Thy gift is ours,
  By our gift Thine shall be.

All was of Thee: receive Thou all,
  Teach what with all to do:
Rule, as Thou know'st and will'st: we know
  Thou art a Lover true.

With love alone endow us; so
Shall we in turn love Thee.
Give this, and Thou giv'st all: for why?
The rest is vanity.

"ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN."

ALLELUIA, sweetest Anthem,
Voice of joy that may not die;
Alleluia, voice delightsome
E'en to blessed choirs on high;
Sung by holy ones abiding
In God's home eternally.

Alleluia,—O, blest mother,
Salem, crown'd above and free,—
Alleluia is thy watchword,
So thine own shall joy with thee:
But as yet by Babel's waters,
Mourning exiles still are we.

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia for our trespass
We must for a while give o'er;
For a Lenten time approaches
Bidding us our sins deplore.

Wherefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Blessed, Holy Trinity!
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

"CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS[x]."

(For Christmas.)

Born of God the Father's bosom,
Ere the worlds to light had come,
Alpha surnamed and Omega,
He alone the source and sum
Of all things that are or have been,
Or hereafter shall find room,
Ever, and for evermore.

This is He whom Heaven-taught minstrels
Hymned of yore with one accord;
Pledged to man in faithful pages
Of the Prophets' sure strong word.
As foreshewn, His Star is gleaming;—
Now let all things praise the Lord
Ever, and for evermore.

[x] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

O that pure and blessed dawning,
When the unspotted Mother bright
By the Holy Ghost made fruitful,
Our salvation brought to light,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
Shew'd His sacred face in sight
Ever, and for evermore.

Let Heaven's height sing Psalms adoring,
Psalms let all the angels sing,
Powers and Virtues wheresoever
Praise with Psalms our God and King;
None of all the tongues be silent,
Mightily all voices sing,
Ever, and for evermore.

Thee let aged men and youthful,
Boys in choral brothernood,
Mothers, virgins, simple maidens,
One adoring multitude,
Hymn aloud in tones harmonious,
Of devoutest, purest mood,
Ever, and for evermore.

Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And the Holy Spirit, be
Praise unwearied, high thanksgiving,
Song, and perfect melody.
Honour, virtue, might victorious,
And to reign eternally
Ever, and for evermore.

"Libertas, quæ sera tamen respexit inertem," 1808.

O SUN of Lusitane, are those thy rays
Of glory set for evermore, that erst
On rising Lisboa pour'd so bright a blaze,
And gilded Tajo's stream, and proudly burst
From foul eclipse, what time Braganza first
Uprais'd the banner of his [1] prostrate reign,
And cried, "To arms, thou race in freedom nurst,
Arouse thee as of yore! be free again!
Art thou for ever set, O Sun of Lusitane?"

Heaven wills not so: lo! from long death-like sleep
Waked by the storm of war, by murder's yell,
Upstarts the Angel of the Western steep,
And shaking off the loathsome dews that fell

[1] This seems to refer to the war of Portuguese independence, 1640—1668, when the domination of Spain was cast off, and Joana de Bragança, a descendant of the old royal family, was placed on the throne of Portugal.

From Slavery's poison-tree, whose blighting spell
Hath numb'd so long his darken'd sense,—behold!
He climbs once more his mountain citadel,
Where hovering amid hero-saints of old,
He sounds the trump that bursts the slumbers of the bold.

And at the fury of that blast I mark
Ten thousand swords flash upward to the sky:
Swords, that inglorious rust no more shall cark,
Quick glancing in the light of Liberty.
And infants lisp their fathers' battle cry,
And mothers quit the cradle-side to hear,
And from the cell of spotless Piety
The spouse of Heaven, that shrank if man came near,
Moves forth with downcast look, but not in maiden fear.

'Tis not the blush of maiden shame that dyes,
Nor fear that blanches her unveiled cheek;
But she hath heard her weeping country's cries,
Heard how the spoiler made Heaven's altars reek

With innocent blood, and drown'd the infants' shriek
In fiendish laughter. She hath heard the tale,
And her sick heart hath sunk as it would break
For human kind: so shrinks she, sad and pale,
Till fouler wrongs are told, and sterner longings swell.

Longings of sacred vengeance,—for the fair,
The chaste, the pious, dragged to insult dire,
Dragged by the uplifted arm, or streaming hair,
Then left in shame and horror to expire.
The altars saw, and shudder'd; and the fire
Of holy lamps, that lighted saints to prayer,
And witness'd throbs erewhile of pure desire,
Trembling sank down, and cast a pale cold glare,
Like miner's torch half-quench'd in some sepulchral air.

For glory couldst thou dare the monstrous deep?
For empire couldst thou stretch thy eagle wings,
Where ocean's echoes lay in lifeless sleep,
Save when they caught the storm's wild murmurings?

Couldst thou be brave for gold? and shall no stings
Of holy vengeance thrill thee? shall no arm
Be bared for blood, now while each valley rings
With thy oppressors' shout? shall baneful charm
Unnerve thee, Lusitane? shall shape of toil or harm?

Far mightier spells the priests of Freedom try,
Of power to rouse from their entombed rest
The mailed forms of chiefs, whom Victory
Hath lull'd to sleep upon their country's breast.
Now starting at her well-remember'd 'hest,
Within yon circle, lo! they take their stand,
Of heroes girt for war, holy and blest,
Thence towards the West and North they wave their brand,
And to their banner call the free of heart and hand.

'Tis done: for not unmark'd by Albion pass'd
That voice, that gleam: her giant arm is rais'd,
Her sail is spread. And hark! Castile as fast
Echoes the shout, and lifts her shield emblazed

With deeds of high emprize. O ever praised,
Yet ever wept! Thy banner is unfurl'd,
Thy waken'd Eagle on the sun hath gazed.
So on they fare in faith, till they have hurl'd
Their triple bolt on guilt, defenders of a world.

To ——, on her Sister's Death.

O THOU, whose dim and tearful gaze
Dwells on the shade of blessings gone!
Whose fancy some lost form surveys,
Half-deeming it once more thine own;

O check that shuddering sob, control
That lip all quivering with despair;
The thrillings of the startled soul
That wakes and finds no lov'd one there.

'Tis hard, in life's first wearying stage,
From guiding, soothing souls to part;
To part, unchill'd by grief or age,
Sister from sister, heart from heart!

Yet though no more she share, her love
Thy way of woe still guides and cheers;
And from her cup of bliss above
One drop she mingles with thy tears.

1810.

To a Girl, who was complaining that she had forgotten her Sister's Birthday.

GRIEVE not though Mary's birthday pass'd
Without one joyous rhyme;
When days are bright, and hours fly fast,
Who measures bliss by time?

When grief has dimmed our darkling way,
Such lonely gleams are dear:
But who can mark one happy day,
If happy through the year?

Such sweet forgetfulness be thine!
So ever live and love!
No need of gift, or votive line,
The fond, glad heart to prove.

Nov. 1810.

Lines suggested by the Remembrance of an early but long-lost Friend.

O BLESSED gem, of saintly, spotless kind,
Too pure for earthly casket long to hide!
Thou sparklest now with the true light, supplied
From heaven's eternal fountain, where enshrined
God hides Himself in brightness. Too refined
For mortal gaze, thou shin'st without a stain.
Yet mayst thou, when my spirit springs amain
Toward heaven, though faintly, strike the eye of mind
And draw thought upward, as with polar gleam,
And shed a holy glow o'er prayer, and hope, and dream!

Aug. 1810.

On visiting the Ruins of Farleigh Castle, Somersetshire.

THOU, who in Farleigh's ivied bower,
Sitt'st musing on remember'd power,
To whom reflection's eye recalls
The glories of her roofless halls;
Reminded by the fitful breeze
Of long-forgotten minstrelsies;
By shrubs that crown the turret's height,
Of the red flag that stream'd so bright
When warriors laid them here to rest,
And bowed fo dames the blood-dyed crest,
And Cromwell sheath'd his untired sword
To share the feast with Hungerford:—
Though mournful, o'er thy musing heart
The gleam of faded glories dart,
Give not that rising sigh its way,
Nor grieve that pride should so decay.

High blazed the hall in regal state,
But want hung shivering on the gate.
Unclad, untill'd the desert scene
Nor glowed in gold, nor smiled with green.
Who battles shared might feasts attend;
The spoiler was his chieftain's friend;
While pined, unwelcome and forgot,
The tenant of the peaceful cot.
For him nor jasmine bloom'd beneath,
Nor woodbine clomb with upward wreath,
To meet the slanting thatch, where played
From darksome elms the waving shade.
Nor portal brown, nor rustic seat
Gave air and shade for noon's retreat:
Nor flower-entangled casement peep'd
Through bowers in tears of morning steep'd;
No comfort smooth'd his lowly bed,
No Houlton liv'd to bless his shed.

Aug. 24, 1810.

On leaving Corpus Christi College, on his Election to a Fellowship of Oriel.

How soft, how silent has the stream of time
Borne me unheeding on, since first I dream'd
Of poetry and glory in thy shade,
Scene of my earliest harpings? There, if oft,
(As through thy courts I took my nightly round,
Where thy embattled line of shadow hid
The moon's white glimmerings) on my charm'd ear
Have swell'd of thy triumphant minstrelsy [z]
Some few faint notes; if one exulting chord
Of my touch'd heart has thrill'd in unison,
Shall I not cling unto thee? shall I cast
No strained glance on my adopted home,
Departing? Seat of calm delight, farewell!
Home of my muse, and of my friends! I ne'er

[z] Sir John T. Coleridge, at that time a Scholar of C.C.C., had won the Prize for Latin Verses, on "Pyramides Ægyptiacæ," in the year 1810.

Shall see thee but with such a gush of soul
As flows from him who welcomes some dear face
Lost in his childhood. Yet not lost to me
Art thou : for still my heart exults to own thee,
And memory still, and friendship make thee mine.

June 28, 1811.

Song.

They say I am no faithful swain,
Because I do not fold my arms,
And gaze and sigh, and gaze again,
And curse my fair one's fatal charms.
I cannot weep, I cannot sigh,
My fair one's heart laughs in her eye.
I cannot creep like weary wight,
My fair one's step is free and light.

When fix'd in memory's mirror dwells
Some dear-lov'd form to fleet no more,
Transform'd as by Arabian spells,
We catch the likeness we adore.
Then ah! who would not love most true?
Who would not be in love with you?
So might he learn the bliss of heart
Which waits on those who bliss impart,
Might learn through smiles and tears to shine,
Like Angels, and like Caroline.

1811.

A Thought on a Fine Morning.

God's mercy is in the pure beam of Spring:
The gale of morning is His blessed breath,
Cheering created things, that as they drink
At these low founts of intermitting joy
Their souls may bless Him, and with quicken'd thirst
Pant for the river of life, and light of heaven.
O, sun-bright gleams, and ye unfolding depths
Of azure space, what are ye but a pledge
And precious foretaste of that cloudless day,
Gladdening at intervals the good man's heart
With earnest of infinitude? The while
He on his rugged path moves cheerily,
Toward joys that mock the measuring eye of hope,
As yon abyss ethereal mocks our gaze.

March 8, 1812.

To the Nightingale.

ALL hail, thou messenger of spring and love,
Instinct with music, and with blissful thought!
What spell unknown from genial southern grove,
From purer gales, and skies without a blot,
Does round thy charmed beak and pinions move,
Mellowing our rude air to receive thy note?
Art thou indeed a thing of soulless frame?
And heaves that bosom with no minstrel flame?

O, no! for sure those thrilling tones had mind,
That trembled from beneath the evening star,
In whose dear light thou sittest as enshrined
While woods and waves do rustle from afar,
And to thy varied descant the low wind
Makes fitful answer, which no sound may mar
Of beast or meaner bird: they silent all
Are held by that sweet chain in willing thrall.

Thy song has language: to each heart of man
It sounds in unison: but who are they
Who best thy mystic melodies may scan?
The Poet musing at the close of day:
He who with heavy heart and visage wan
In thought of vanish'd bliss does sadly stray:
The lover when his true love is not by,
And the rapt ear of Heaven-taught infancy.

Full greedily the joyous infant drinks
Those wildly quivering notes thou fling'st on high;
Shuddering in grief's dear joy, the mourner shrinks
From what he loves, thy sadder melody;
And in thy long low strain the lover thinks
He hears the echo of his lonely sigh:
And be thy song of joyaunce or of woe,
Still o'er his inmost heart the Poet feels it flow.

May 11, 1812.

Sonnet.

YES, I will stamp her image on my soul,
Though all unworthy such high portraiture
Tablet so vile,—for ever to endure.
Nor, though by fits across my spirit roll
Dim clouds of anguish, shall my heart give way.
For not in weak and infant-like distress
Behoves it the fair moonlight to survey
Because we cannot grasp it: rather bless
The dear mild ray that on the throbbing heart
Falls soft as seraph's glance of kindliest power,
And doth its melting loveliness impart
To all it looks upon. In happy hour
So may I frame my soul to think on thee,
Whom never but from far these worthless eyes
may see.

June, 1812.

Stanzas addressed to a "Gloomy Thinker[a]."

Ah! cease my friend, that mournful lay!
Arouse thee from thy gloomy dream!
The clouds that dimmed thy morning's ray
Shew but more bright thy noon-day gleam.

Foremost in glory's sun-bright steep,
Foremost in duty's mild career,
No drop for thee thy friends shall weep,
But proud affection's burning tear.

And when, thy giant course gone by,
On clouds of bliss thy sun shall fall,
How joyous then shall Memory's eye
View sorrows borne at Virtue's call!

[a] I am afraid these were written in answer to some stanzas entitled "Gloomy Thoughts," by me. J. T. C.

Then shalt thou know the bliss of blessing,
Thou, whom no selfish joy could move;
In peace thy stedfast soul possessing,
Rich in good deeds, and good men's love.

June, 1812.

"Nec me discedere flevit."

My spirit lingers round that blessed space,
Which prisons her fair form. Still on mine ear
Like dying notes of angels' minstrelsy
Her lips' last music dwells. Yet not to me
O, not to me was pour'd the parting glance,
Enrapturing anguish: not to me the hand
Held out in kindness, whose remember'd touch
Might soothe the absent heart. And it is well.
Why should she think on me? she holds her course
A happy star in heaven, by gales of bliss
Lull'd to repose on the soft-bosom'd clouds,
Or bathing in the pure blue deep of light.
In grossness I, and mists of earthly sense,
Creep on my way benighted: half afraid
To lift my eyes to brightness: or perchance
If wayward fate so wills, a moment rais'd
To float an unsubstantial meteor-light,
Born of this nether air, and there to die.

June 15, 1812.

A Wet Day at Midsummer.

How mournfully the lingering rain-drops sound,
As one by one they rustle on the leaves,
To him who inly groans in sad suspense
Watching some pale lov'd face! The summer eve
Is dimm'd by showers, and murky hues o'ercast
The comfortable glow that wont to cheer
This musing hour. E'en such a mist has hung
O'er thee, my sister, when-so thou hast look'd
From thy sad couch o'er lawns and turfy glades,
Where erst, the lightest in the rural throng,
Blithesome you roved, in blessing all most blest.
And as e'en now beneath yon dusky arch
Bursts unexpected light, so Faith's fond eye
Looks on to days of health, when smilingly
We shall recount these long anxieties,
And bliss be dearer for remember'd woe.

June 23, 1812.

The First Sight of the Sea[b].

(Probably written in the Isle of Wight.)

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 *Cor.* xiii. 12.

VISIONS of vastness and of beauty! long
Too long have I neglected ye: content
Nor to have sooth'd my soul to rest among
Your evening lullaby of breeze and wave,
While the low sun retiring glow'd from far
Like pillar'd gold upon a marble plain;
Nor yet wild waked from that deceitful sleep,
When the storm waved his giant scourge, and rode
Upon the rising billow, have I sate
Listening with fearful joy, and pulse that throbbed
In unison with every bursting wave.
Yet the strong passion slept within my soul
Like an unwaken'd sense: e'en as the blind

[b] This poem was first printed in "Days and Seasons."

Mingles in one dear dream all softest sounds,
All smoothest surfaces, and calls it Light.
Such lovely, formless visions late were mine,
Dear to remembrance yet: but far more dear
The present glories of this world of waves.
So through a glass seen darkly, mortals deem
Of things eternal: but even now is the hour
When gales from heaven shall blow, and the true Sun,
Rising in glory o'er the unknown expanse,
Shall pour at once upon the unbodied soul
Floods of such blessedness, as mortal sense
Might not endure, nor spirit pent in flesh
Imagine dimly. Be my race so run,
In holy faith, and righteous diligence,
That purged from earthly film and fear my soul
May catch her first glimpse of Eternity,
Mists gradual roll away, and the calm waves
Still smile and brighten as I draw more near.

Aug. 5, 1812.

Written at Sidmouth.

WHY art thou sad, my soul, when all around
Such loveliness salutes thee? fragrant airs,
Bowers of unfading green, soft murmuring brooks,
Gay sunny slopes that wear their vernal hues,
Mocking the breath of winter; gorgeous cliffs,
And Ocean's awful pageantry;—and more
And dearer far, soft smiles, and radiant eyes.
Thou wert not wont with dim and tearful gaze
To look on these;—then wherefore art thou sad?
Thou art not *here:* far distant many a mile
Thou lingerest, nor beneath a genial sky;
Hovering unseen around th' untimely couch
Of her, thy best beloved: and thou dost grieve
Because thou art not of that happy choir
That holds sweet evening converse at her side;
Because thou sharest not that pledge of peace

A father's nightly orison ; because
Hearts knit to thine as its own vital flakes
Partake not of thy wonderings, and thy joys.
I stifle not thy sighs. 'Tis meet that thou should'st
mourn.

Jan. 1, 1813.

To a Cave under High Peak, Sidmouth.

I LOVE thee well, thou solitary Cave,
Though thee no legend, or of war or love,
Or mermaid issuing from her coral grove
Ennoble: nought beside the fretful wave
That round thy portal arch doth idly rave,
Has waked thine echoes; nor in lonely age
Has seaman sought thee for his hermitage,
That ocean's voice might lull him to his grave.
I love thee for his sake who brought me here,
Companion of my wildered walk, and bore
A part in all those visions dim and dear
In which my tranced spirit loves to soar,
When gales sigh soft, and rills are murmuring near,
And evenly the distant billows roar.

Feb. 21, 1813.

To the Memory of John Leyden [c], M.D.

O, MOURNFUL on our ears the wild harp died
When the bard sang farewell to Teviotside;
And gentle hearts, while thou wert far away,
Own'd sad misgivings for thy plaintive lay.
Ah, too prophetic! in the flush of years
Sweet minstrel, far from thine Aurelia's tears,
Thy glorious task hath bowed thee to the tomb.
Most mournful, yet most blessed was thy doom!

Most blessed was thy doom, the rural Muse
Dropp'd on thy cradled head her blandest dews,
And melting hues of moonlight loveliness,
And fairy forms thy childish eyne would bless.
Thou, too, hadst learn'd to love; and not in vain,
If right I guess, was pour'd thy soothing strain.

[c] Dr. John Leyden, who assisted Sir Walter Scott in procuring materials and illustrations for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," died as Professor of the Native Dialects in the Bengal College, Calcutta, in the year 1811. He was engaged in translating the Holy Scriptures at the time of his death into seven languages into which they had not then been translated. A small volume of his poems was published in 1821, which contained some very beautiful pieces, now, it is to be feared, entirely forgotten; one especially, an Address to an Indian Gold Coin.

To each fond note that down the valley sigh'd
Some chord within thy fair one's heart replied;
Breathless she listen'd for the song of love,
Nor miss'd the nightingale from Teviot's grove.
Most blessed was thy doom: to thy bold glance
Flew wide the gorgeous portals of Romance;
From living gems that deck her mystic cell
Thine eye caught lustre, and the sacred spell
Of high chivalric song upon thy spirit fell.

O, sweeter than the music of the grove,
The border clarion, or the lute of love,
Those angel-notes that on thy dying ear
Fell soft, recalling all thy soul held dear,
All bright remembrances of deeds well done,
Of Mercy's work for half mankind begun,
All the calm joys of hearts in virtue sure,
All holy longings, all affections pure,
With thy free soul in bliss for ever to endure.

Feb. 5, 1813.

On being requested to write some Verses in a Friend's Common-place-book [d].

NAY, ask not for a lay of mine,
Too fitful is my spirit's gleam;
With wavering and unsteady shine
It mocks me like a lover's dream.

And O, my heart is all too weak,
And all too faltering is my tongue;
I cannot gain, I dare not seek
The ennobling meed of sacred song.

For lofty look, and open brow,
Heart fearless in its glorious aim,
That shrinks not from the slanderer's blow
Shrinks not from aught save wise men's blame;

[d] Written by himself in my book. J. T. C.

These, and the self-possessing mind
That views unmoved, though not in scorn,
All earth-born aims of lowlier kind,
With the true bard should all be born.

But I,—if e'er from dewy eye
Or summer sun my soul catch fire,—
Too soon the lights of minstrelsy
Quench'd in some gale of care expire.

Nor upward to its native heaven
Ascends the altar-flame; but wild
By some capricious passion driven
Leaves all forlorn Hope's dreaming child.

March 15, 1813.

Robin Lee.

A Ballad founded on a tradition still preserved at Salcombe Regis, Devon.

"O, HEARD ye not the night-wind's roar
How in his rage he swept the cove?
O, father, hie thee to the shore,
My heart is shuddering for my love."

"Cease, daughter, cease thine idle fears,
Far off in port he safely sleeps;
And now, behold, thy sighs and tears
Have rous'd thy child;—poor babe, he weeps.

"Sing, daughter, sing thy lullaby,
But when the babe is soothed to rest
Lend thy light step and eagle eye
To aid me in my fearful quest.

"For I will hie me to the coast,
Haply some founder'd bark lies there,
Or some poor seaman, tempest tost,
For my son's sake demands my care!"

She listen'd as his footsteps part,
She listen'd with a stifled sigh;
Then to her child with heavy heart
She turn'd and sang her lullaby.

"O, hush thee, poor baby, I like not thy moan,
Thou need'st not weep, though thy father be gone;
The wild winds have borne thy father afar,
To ride o'er the waves, and to join the war.

"O, it dwells on my heart how he smiled and sighed,
When he tore him away from his love-lorn bride;
Bitter the smile, and boding the sigh,
And the parting kiss was agony.

"He said, 'My love, O think on me
When thou singest thy darling's lullaby;'
And all too well have I kept his 'hest,
For my sighs oft waken thee on my breast.

"But see, how my lovely one smiles in sleep!
O, mayst thou never wake to weep!
O, when will such joy as now thou'rt dreaming,
Upon this darken'd heart be gleaming?"

Soft was the mother's parting kiss,
But mingled with a bitter tear;
So softly sweet his dream of bliss,
So bitter sad her dream of fear.

All as she traced old Robin Lee
Along that wild and winding dell,
Responsive to the fitful sea,
Her bursting bosom rose and fell.

But when she reach'd the lonely strand,
For aye that bosom ceas'd to beat:
Her sire all speechless wrung her hand,
Her husband's corse lay at her feet!

Soft was her infant's sleep the while,
He dream'd his wonted dream of bliss,
But when he turn'd with waking smile
He met no more a mother's kiss.

Seest thou yon grey and woe-worn form
  Slow wandering by the wintry sea,
Watching with haggard smile the storm?
  That aged man is Robin Lee.

And that lorn boy, whose eager eye
  Wanders so wild from wave to wave,
Sings a sad soothing lullaby
  Each evening o'er his parents' grave.

April 10, 1813.

Stanzas on leaving Sidmouth.

(Fragment.)

YE lingering hours speed on! with infant haste
My heart springs homeward, springs to meet the bliss,
Which but in one dear spot it ne'er can taste,
Joy's surest pledge, the dear domestic kiss.

Yet ere I leave thee, vale of many flowers,
My lowly harp would whisper one farewell;
Though glad to go, I linger in thy bowers,
And half could wish thou wert my native dell.

For oft from rustling copse, or fountain's flow,
Thine echoes soft have thrill'd mine heart along,
Lulling each wayward care and dream of woe,
And the wild wave made solemn undersong.

Oft has the conscious freedom swell'd my breast,
As on thy downs I drank the rushing gale,
Or mark'd, far stretching in the dark blue West,
The buoyant glories of the sun-bright sail.

And but my spirit sear'd by sorrow's brand
Can taste no more the bitter sweets of love,
Some fairy queen of that enchanted land
Had heard my harpings in the moonlight grove.

Forbidden is that dearest thrill to me,
But I can feel and bless the kindly gale,
That in thy bowers of ease and rural glee
Cheers the forlorn, and bids the stranger hail.

April 17, 1813.

"Nunquam Audituræ."

How can I leave thee all unsung,
  While my heart owns thy dear control;
And Heaven and Love have o'er thee flung
  The softest moonlight of the soul?
O, I have long'd for thee to call
Soft echo from the West Wind's hall,
  Some notes as blithely wild to seek,
As the wild music of thy voice,
As the wild roses that rejoice
  In thine eyes' sunshine on thy glowing cheek.

For not the breath of mortal praise
  Thine artless beauty dares profane;
For thee wild Nature wakes her lays,
  And thy soul feels the blessed strain.
The song that breaks the grove's repose,
The shower-drop rustling on the rose,
  The brooklet's morning melody,—
To these with soft and solemn tone
Thy spirit stirs in unison,
  Owning the music of its native sky.

And when in some fair golden hour
Thy heart-strings shall give back the sigh
Of Love's wild harp, no earthly bower
Shall lend such hues as bloom to die;
But earnest of the eternal spring
Their amarant wreaths shall angels bring,
And preluding the choir of heaven
Soft Eden gales shall sweep the lyre,
And star-like points of guiltless fire
From God's own altar-flame to gem thy brow be given.

It is my pride that I can deem
Though faintly, of that being's worth,
Who to th' All-gracious Mind shall seem
Meet help for thee in heaven and earth.
Long as before life's gale I drive
Shall holiest hope within me live,
Thee fair, thee blessed while I view,
And when the port of endless rest
Receives me, may my soul be blest
With everlasting, endless gaze on you.

April 13, 1813.

Sonnet [e] "concerning the True Poet."

WHOM blesseth most the gentle dew of heaven?
Whose heart is sweetest thrill'd by Nature's song?
Who in still musings moonlight bowers among
Drinks purest light from the soft star of Even?
Is it not he who knows whence each is given?
Who, not unweeting of that Ocean source
Whence springs each stream of glory, where in course
This lower world first compass'd, all are driven,
Sees upon each fair thing the stamp and seal
Of Him who made it; hears and owns His voice
Linking all harmonies? but most his heart
The impulse of its master-key doth feel,
And in the consciousness of Heaven rejoice,
When woman duly plays her angel-part.

Aug. 8, 1813.

[e] Written at the end of an essay on the Lake Poets, which concluded with mentioning their beautiful exhibition of female character.

To J. T. C., with Petrarca.

THESE are the workings of a spirit pure,
And high and zealous; one of those elect
Whom the All-wise hath beckon'd from the crowd
Of meaner souls, to set their thrones on high
Among the sons of men. Do thou, my friend,
My Coleridge! spirit zealous, pure, and high!
Accept them, not misdeeming of their worth,
Because the worldly and the sensual slight
Their precious fragrance, all too fine for nerves
Gross and unpurged as theirs. But thou hast walk'd
Among the gardens of true Poesy,
And every nectar-dew that drops at eve,
And every balmy steam that morn exhales,
Hath steep'd thy soul in gladness. Thou wilt love
The laurell'd bard, whether his burning wire,
Touch'd by the sun-beam of reviving Rome,
Ring out, as Memnon's erst, and rouse the sons
Of his own Italy to arms and song:

Or chant his hermit hymn to Heaven and Love,
Soft, yet severe: for Piety had framed
The melody, and every wilder chord
Was temper'd to her solemn undersong.
So Love seem'd what he is,—a spirit devout,
Owning God most in His most beauteous work.
Such shalt thou feel, and such for thee be felt,
My Coleridge! at the appointed hour, if Heaven
Loathe not my daily suit;—for I have tried
And known thee. I have proved thee true and kind,
Wise for the simple, for the wavering firm;
And much it grieves me that in Life's dark maze
So soon our paths shall sever.
Fare thee well!
And as along the lowly vale I wind,
Scale thou untired, yet sometimes making sign
That thou rememberest me, the mountain's height;
And be thy glory as thy virtûe! yet,
Yet once again, insatiable of good
For thee and thine, my tide of gratitude
Must flow towards Heaven, for I am nought below.
O, Thou All-merciful! Be these my friends
Beneath Thy wing for ever! Visit them

With daily blessings, nightly dreams of bliss!
Be Memory still their comforter, be Hope
Their constant guide; and wise and good men's love
Their stay on earth. Be Thou their rest in heaven!

Sept. 14, 1813.

Song.

TELL me, ye maidens fair and wise,
Who joy in Nature's loveliness,
What forms, what hues in earth or skies
Doth Beauty most delight to bless?
Comes she on Autumn's sounding wing,
Or on the frolic breath of Spring?

Dwells she beneath that banner bright
That o'er the car of Morning streams,
Or trembling in the wan moonlight
When faint the rose of Evening gleams?
Kindles her eye with Hope's full blaze,
Or melts in Memory's lingering gaze?

If right I guess, our hearts beguiling,
By turns she pours her fairy glance,
Now in Regret all sadly smiling,
Now fix'd in Faith's prophetic trance:
Still luring us to heaven, our home,
By bliss gone by, or bliss to come.

Oct. 12, 1813.

Ode on the Victories in the Pyrenees, 1813.

WHAT mountain-echoes roll
Across the roughening main?
Is it the torrent's voice that shakes my soul?
Is it the wolf wild howling o'er the slain?
That torrent in its stormy might
Hath swept a thousand flags away,
That blithely danced in glory's light
Mocking the sun of yesterday.
Long o'er Biscaya's lonely wold
That war-wolf's howl, at midnight hour
Hath scared the watchers of the fold;
Now walks he forth at noon in vengeance to devour.

In justice walks he forth:
Before his red eye's glare
They shrink, the wasters of the smiling earth,
They bow themselves, they sicken with despair.
Dash'd from their foul unholy grasp
The silver-winged Eagle lies,
Each tyrant draws one wildering gasp,
Curses his anguish once, and dies.
Then from Cantabria's cloudy height
Freedom in thunder spake to Spain,
Her pealing voice dispers'd the night
Of mist that long had hover'd o'er her mountain reign.

Doth yet one lingering war-note dwell
In arched grot or bowery dell,
Of that triumphant clarion blast
O'er rock, and copse, and torrent cast
From Ronceval's immortal fight;
That told how many a prowest knight,
Hurl'd headlong from his seat of pride,
Beneath thy grasp, Iberia, died?

Wake, Echo, from thy sleep of years!
Pour, long and loud, that solemn melody!
Let it arise like chanted orison
Toward heaven-gate. The holy work is done,
Britain hath wiped Iberia's tears
And Ronceval beheld the Christians' victory!

July 30, 1813.

O, stay Thee yet, &c.

O, STAY thee yet, bright image, stay,
Fleet not so fast from this sad heart;
Cheer yet awhile my weary way,
Nor e'en with parting life depart.

Let Memory paint thee as she will,
Whether all blithe in childhood's smile,
Or with that look so meek and still
That wayward care so well could guile;

Or languishing like lily pale,
That waits but till the sunlight cease,
Then hides her in her dewy veil,
And bows her head, and sleeps in peace.

Most angel-like! I trust in Heaven
That yet some impress faint of thee
May to this wearied heart be given,
All sad and earth-worn though it be.

Who wears so bright a gem within,
How should his heart from God remove?
How can he change for toys of sin
The earnest of a seraph's love?

For well I guess,—and oft my soul
Holds tearful triumph in the dream,—
That when Religion's soft control
Lights me with pure and placid beam;

When I do good and think aright,
At peace with man, resign'd to God,
Thou look'st on me with eyes of light,
Tasting new joy in Joy's abode.

But in my dark and evil hour
When wan despair mine eyelids seals,
When worldly passions round me lower,
And all the man corruption feels,

Thou turn'st not then thine eyes below,
Or clouds of glory beam between,
Lest earthly pangs of fear or woe
Upon an angel's brow be seen.

By one alone,—thy sister saint,—
Thou watchest e'en in grief and ill;
Though on her couch of woe she faint,
Thine eye of joy is on her still.

For well thou know'st her every tear
Becomes a deathless gem in heaven;
To every pang well suffer'd here
A suffering Saviour's love is given.

June 16, 1814,
The day of his sister Sarah's death.

Sonnet.

WHEN I behold yon arch magnificent
Spanning the gorgeous West, the autumnal bed
Where the great Sun now hides his weary head,
With here and there a purple isle, that rent
From that huge cloud, their solid continent,
Seems floating in a sea of golden light,
A fire is kindled in my musing sprite,
And Fancy whispers, such the glories lent
To this our mortal life: most glowing fair
But built on clouds, and melting while we gaze.
Yet since those shadowy lights sure witness bear
Of One not seen, the undying Sun and Source
Of good and fair, who wisely them surveys,
Will use them well to cheer his heavenward course.

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1816.

Lines sent with the Lives of Ridley and Cranmer.

THOU, whom with proud and happy heart I call
Mine, first by birth, but more by love unfeign'd,
And by that awful warfare most of all,
To which by holiest vows we are constrain'd,
Brother, behold thy calling! These are they,
Who arm'd themselves with Prayer, and boldly tried
Wisdom's untrodden steeps, and won their way;
God's Word their lamp, His Spirit was their guide.
These would not spare their lives for fear or ruth;
Therefore their God was with them, and the glare
Of their death-fires still lights the land to Truth,
To shew what might is in a Martyr's prayer.
Read, and rejoice; yet humbly: for our strife
Is perilous like theirs; for Death or Life.

Jan. 5, 1817.

At Hooker's Tomb [f].

THE grey-eyed Morn was sadden'd with a shower,
A silent shower, that trickled down so still,
Scarce droop'd beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill,
Or moss-stone bathed in dew. It was an hour
Most meet for prayer beside thy lowly grave,
Most for thanksgiving meet, that Heaven such power
To thy serene and humble spirit gave.
"Who sow good seed with tears shall reap in joy."
So thought I as I watch'd the gracious rain,
And deem'd it like that silent sad employ
Whence sprung thy glory's harvest, to remain
For ever. God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.

Aug. 1817.

[f] The original MS. is on a half-sheet of foolscap paper, folded, with a piece of dried wall-rue in it, no doubt gathered on the spot.

Forward[g].

"The hope which is laid up for you in heaven."—*Col.* i. 5.

THE traveller[h], when his time is short,
Speeds, careless of the rugged way;
He lingers not for village sport,
He lingers not for landscape gay.

The birds his woodland path beside,
Riot in wildest bliss of song;
The moonlight streams so sweetly glide,—
He dares not look, or linger long.

The Christian knows his time is short,
But oh! the way is rough and drear;
And bowers of bliss are nigh, to court
His spirit from its high career.

[g] First printed in "Days and Seasons."

[h] Composed during a hard trot on the Witney road, on a Monday morning, March, 1818.

Let him not swerve; for storms and night
The erring soul have oft opprest:
But who rides on is sure of light
To guide him to his promis'd rest.

Early Visions.

FAREWELL, bright visions of my lonely hours,
Gay dreams of buoyant hope, a long farewell!
No room for me in Hymen's holy bowers:
I have no part in Love's delightful spell.

Still must I hold alone my weary course,
No tender arm upon mine arm to lean;
No kind and loving eye, whose gentle force
From selfish grief my wayward heart might wean.

Deep in the windings of a bowery dale,
(A spot where angels might delight to roam,)
Haunt of each sun-bright hue, each fragrant gale,
Presumptuous fancy built my pastoral home.

And many a flower adorn'd the low-roof'd hall,
And round the half-hidden casement cluster'd fair,
And hard beside the ivy-mantled wall,
In holiest beauty rose the House of Prayer.

The sound of rivulets was not far away,
Of soft rains rustling on the dewy eaves;
Or of that mimic shower when west winds play
At random in the trembling poplar-leaves.

Birds, lambs, and children made our vocal quire,
With here and there a village roundelay;—
Such tones as careless flung from Nature's lyre,
Best help two faithful hearts to love and pray.

No louder sound might our sweet rest annoy,
Save that companion of our twilight hours,
Sobering with thoughts of heaven our earthly joy,
The church-bell's voice went round our quiet bowers.

Nor seem'd the holy invitation vain;—
Duly at morn and eve (so spake my dream)
From rest, or labour done, a rustic train,
Pursued the churchway path beside the stream.

On a Monument in Lichfield Cathedral [1].

THIS cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die;
So calm, this holy roof beneath,
On such a quiet couch to lie.

Each gently pressing, gently prest,
To slumber in each other's arms;
This shrinking to her sister's breast,
For shelter from all earth's alarms,

With such entire and perfect trust,
That e'en in sleep she seems to say,
"I shall lie safe, I know I must,
My Ellen holds me night and day."

[1] Printed, but without the four last stanzas, in "Church Poetry." 1848.

The other with maturer grace,
In dawn of thoughtful womanhood,
Half upward turns her fair, meek face,
As if an angel o'er her stood.

As calm her brow, as sure her faith,
But more than infants use, she knew
(If right I guess,) of Life, and Death,
Of Death, and Resurrection too.

Already now her ear began
The depths of solemn sound to trace;
The thrilling joys that round her ran
When music fill'd this holy place.

Yon dark-arch'd galleries, high aloof,
The glory and the mystery
Of long-drawn aisle and fretted roof,
Already caught her wondering eye.

And she would gaze, when morning's glow
Through yonder gorgeous panes was streaming,
As if in every niche below
Saints in their glory-robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wile
Was known that elder sisters know,
To check the unseasonable smile
With warning hand, and serious brow.

From dream to dream with her to rove,
Like fairy nurse with hermit child:
Teach her to think, to pray, to love,
Make grief less bitter, joy less wild;

These were thy tasks: and who can say,
What visions high, what solemn talk,
What flashes of unearthly day,
Might bless them in their evening walk?

Oft as with arms and hearts entwined
They mused aloud, this twilight hour,
What awful truths high God hath shrined
In every star, and cloud, and flower!

But one day, when the glorious theme
Seem'd but to mock their feeble sight;
As they look'd up from earth's dark dream
To worlds where all is pure and bright,

Strong in the strength of infancy,
In little children's wisdom wise,
They heard a Voice, "Come home to Me;
Yours is the kingdom of the skies."

Their home is won, their simple faith
Is crown'd: in peace behold they lie.
This cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die.

* * * *

But thou, fond man, whose earth-bound eye,
By sorrow dimm'd, but more by sin,
Thus vainly strains itself to spy
The purer world that liv'd their innocent hearts within;

Back, soldier! to thy daily strife!
The virgin whiteness of thy shield
Is sullied; nor till setting life
Can their enjoyments be to thee reveal'd.

Only this secret take with thee,
And let it calm each murmuring thought,
The blissful rest thou here dost see,
By vigils of deep agony was bought.

And He, whose Blood the purchase made,
Yet guards it. Make His arms thine home
As soft a veil thine eyes shall shade,
To soothe thy wearied soul as glorious visions come.

July 22, 1819.

At Penshurst.

Not the dark shade of thy majestic groves,
Not the rich verdure of thine oaken bowers,
Not thy fair winding stream that wanton roves
By tufted lawns, and sloping banks of flowers;
Not e'en those awful and time-honour'd towers,
That in their grey old age yet seem to shine
As bright with glory as in those high hours
When some new trophy of the illustrious line,
By high-soul'd chiefs, and bards of strains divine
O'er the arch'd portal day by day was hung:
Nor yet that sacred oak, the undying shrine
Of Sidney's name by all the Muses sung,
Have lured us, Penshurst, here: a holier shade
Haunts thee. We come to pray where Hammond prayed.

Hammond's Grave.

MEEK, pastoral, quiet souls, whoe'er ye be,
Who love to ply in peace your daily task,
Nor of your gracious God find aught to ask,
But what may help you in Eternity.
Kind spirits, sooth'd and cheer'd by all you meet,
Soothing and cheering all yourselves no less,
Because in all ye see ye own and bless
A God who loves you, and accepts your love:
Would ye find out a fitting tomb? These firs,
Their sea-like dirge soft whispering day and night,
Hither your weary wandering steps invite.
These yew-trees' massive shade, that hardly stirs
On the grey tomb-stones: all the still churchyard,
Not mingling with the haunts of men, yet seen
From some few cottage-windows o'er the green,
(As if just so much of the world it shared,
As might wake Charity, and silence Pride,)
Come take your rest with these, by holy Hammond's side.

Sept. 9, 1819.

Spring Flowers [k].

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun; so violets blue,
So the soft star-like primrose drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
Still humbleness with her low-breathed voice
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven, with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on then in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive.
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

April, 1820.

[k] First printed in the "Casket," 1829.

On the North Road.

Yon tower that gleams against the blackening east,
Borrowing such haughty radiance of the sun,
Stands like a Christian in the dark cold world,
Confronting, in the glory Heaven has lent,
The loathsomeness of ill, and making sin
The fouler for its fairness. On his way
The traveller pauses with insatiate gaze,
And turns his back upon Heaven's fountain fire,
To admire its faint reflection in man's work.
Vain moralizer! Know'st thou not thyself?

Aug. 25, 1820.

Newton Cliff, near Fledborough.

Written on the occasion of Mrs. Arnold's Birthday, ten days after her marriage.

Blow fresh and fair, thou cheerful summer breeze,
Let rustling corn, light reeds, and wavy trees,
Join the soft swell of Trent's majestic wave.
All sounds that loudest tell of Nature's life,
Bespeaking mirth, and joy, and mimic strife,
Blend with a few low notes in measure glad but grave.

And be the time when the last summer sun
From his meridian throne has just begun
To slope his westering course; let one soft cloud
Mantling around him pour its liquid glow
O'er wood, and dale, and tower and spire below,
And in its showery skirts the horizon blue enshroud.

So may the various view best answer make
To thoughts that in their bosoms are awake,
Who now on this sequester'd terrace roam,
With eyes now wandering round the prospect wide,
Now fondly fix'd where all their hearts abide,
On one dear shelter'd spot, their sacred, happy home.

And if those eyes I read not all amiss,
The day seems richer in its tearful bliss,
Than even in its gayest hours of mirth.
Sweet dreams, sweet hopes, sweet recollections rise,
And she who now is hidden from their eyes
Seems closer to their hearts, their best-beloved on earth.

O, then, blest tenants of the sweetest isle
That ever welcom'd with its soothing smile
Tired wanderers o'er the world's tempestuous void,
Mourn not though henceforth one lov'd footstep less,
Your consecrated turf may duly press,
And tend your quiet bowers, enjoying and enjoy'd.

Look how yon stream, of you belov'd so well,
Is lovelier, sometimes plunging in his dell,
And lost in winding round his verdurous wall,
Than if to broad bright sunshine all the way
He held his mirror: so this happy day
Shines happier through such tears as now from you may fall.

So, too, your own fair garden fairer shews
For the grey tombs that in its grass repose,
And solemn arches with your flowers inwreathing,
Where round the church, as from its central shrine,
The charm of love domestic, love divine,
O'er every little leaf by day and night is breathing.

Happy, who know their happiness not here!
To whom sad thoughts of time and change are dear,
As bearing earnest of eternal rest;
Who at Love's call, or Death's, contented part,
And feel Heaven's peace the deeper in their heart,
Brooding like fondest dove upon her darling nest.

Aug. 21, 1820.

By an Old Bachelor very disconsolate at parting with his Four Wives[1].

Is it not sad dear friends should part
Ere each has to the other shewn
More than one little corner of a heart?
Were it not better to abide unknown?

Nay, but in this dull, darkling earth
If more than transient gleams were given
Of full confiding love, and the heart's mirth,
'Twould surely steal our spirits frail from heaven.

Then let us thankfully forego
What fancy loves to paint so bright,
Nor grieve our sweetest solace here to know,
Like our last hope, by faith and not by sight.

Aug. 30, 1822.

[1] This and the following poem were addressed to the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Pruen, curate to the Rev. Stafford Smith, Mr. Keble's godfather.

To the Same.

MARY, Margaret, Anne, Eliza,
Silent maidens of the mill,
Hear a culprit's sad confession,
Whom your frowns would almost kill.

You were plying heads and elbows,
Puzzling all your cyphering wit,
Fidgeting in twenty postures,
Polls were scratch'd, and nails were bit.

I, meantime, ungrateful varlet,
Quite forgetting all my vows,
(If I could, I'd blush like scarlet,)
Was gone up to Craycombe house.

Now so sad the pangs of conscience,
I am wasted, bark and pith,
Like a wither'd branch of elder,
(So says Mrs. Stafford Smith).

Spare me in consideration
Of my weak and nervous state:
Think, when I am drown'd in Avon,
Your regret may come too late.

I should spoil my Sunday waistcoat,
Oxford lose her fairest sprig,
And I'd haunt, I do assure you,
Haunt you in a doctor's wig!

The Rook.

THERE was a young rook, and he lodged in a nook
Of grandpapa's tallest elm-tree ;
There came a strong wind, not at all to his mind,
All out of the north-west countree.

With a shrill piping sound this wind whistled round,
The boughs they all danced high and low ;
Rock, rock went the nest, where the birds were at rest,
Till over and over they go.

Uncle John walking round saw the rook on the ground,
And smooth'd it, and wish'd to revive ;
Anne, Robert and Hill, they all tried their skill
In vain ; the poor rook would not live.

And if in your fun round the orchard you run,
You really would wonder to see,
How sticks, moss and feather are strewed by the weather
Beneath each old racketing tree.

'Tis a very bad wind, as in proverbs we find,
The wind that blows nobody good;
I have read it in books; yet sure the young rooks
Would deny it to-day if they could.

They sure would deny, but they cannot well try,
Their cawing not yet have they learn'd;
And 'tis just as well not; for a fancy I've got,
How the wind to some use may be turn'd.

Do you see Martha Hunt, how she bears all the brunt
Of the chilly, damp, blustering day?
How gladly she picks all the littering sticks!
Her kettle will soon boil away.

How snug she will sit by the fireplace and knit,
While Daniel her fortune will praise.
The wind roars away,—"Master Wind," they will say,
"We thank you for this pretty blaze."

Then spite of the rooks, what we read in the books
Is true, and the storm has done good.
It *seems* hard, I own, when the nests are o'erthrown,
But Daniel and Martha get wood.

A Thought upon taking leave of some Friends.

How varied, how rich, in the light-curtain'd west
Glow the tints that the sun's setting majesty veil,
When through bright clouds disporting he sinks into rest,
And sheds his last radiance o'er mountain and dale.

But the soft summer landscape shall soon fade away,
As twilight draws o'er it her mantle of dew;
The sky gleam no more with the gilding of day,
And silence and dimness o'ershadow the view.

Yet lingering awhile, the last remnant of light
Through the dark blue expanse shoots a silvery ray,
And faint glimmering mildly recals to the sight
The charms that late shone in the landscape of day.

So fleet the blithe visions of friendship and joy,
  So fancy the dream of delight can restore,
And in fond recollection again we descry
  Faint-imaged those pleasures that now are no more.

Hymn for the Annunciation [m].

St. Luke xi. 27.

Oh! Thou who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker, yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,
'Twas Thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known:
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love
Most sacred, most Thine own.

[m] Vide the Preface, p. x.

When wandering here a little span,
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
Thou hadst no earthly sire:
That wedded love we prize so dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast
Would'st Thou Thine aching forehead rest,
On no kind brother lean;
But who, O perfect filial heart,
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
Endearing, firm, serene?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side heaven?

A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:

E'en from the tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonized brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

Alas! when those we love are gone,
Of all sad thoughts, 'tis only one
Brings bitterness indeed;
The thought what poor, cold, heartless aid
We lent to cheer them while they stayed;
This makes the conscience bleed.

Lord, by Thy love, and by Thy power,
And by the sorrows of that hour,
Let me not weep too late.
Help me in anguish meet and true
My thankless words and ways to rue,
Now justly desolate.

By Thine own Mother's first caress,
Whom Thou with smiles so sweet didst bless,
'Twas heaven on earth to see;
Help me, though late, to love aright
Her who has glided from my sight,
To rest (dear Saint) with Thee.

Thou knowest if her gentle glance
Look on us, as of old, to enhance
Our evening calm so sweet:
But, Son of Mary, Thou art there.
O, make us ('tis a mourner's prayer)
For such dear visits meet.

June 1, 1823.

A Hint for a Fable.

SUN, Moon, and Stars, one day contending sought
Which should be dearest to a poet's thought.
The noonday Sun too bright and gay was found,
In trance of restless joy it whirls us round.
The Moon, too melting soft, unmans the heart,
Or peeps too slily where its curtains part,
Or sweeps too wild across the stormy heaven,
Behind the rushing clouds at random driven.
Take Sun and Moon who list; I dearer prize
The pure keen starlight with its thousand eyes,
Like heavenly sentinels around us thrown,
Lest we forget that we are not alone;
Watching us by their own unearthly light
To shew how high above our deeds are still in sight.

On a starlight night, April 15, 1825.

Moonlight, Ulcombe Parsonage.

THOU gentle Moon, so lone and sweet,
Gliding around thy sea of blue,
How dost thou change, to greet
Each heart with answer true!

When memory heaves too sad a sigh
For friends and hopes that once were near;
Thou whisperest, "Look on high,
Perhaps they own thee here."

When from some pastoral home we gaze
On thee in thoughtful bliss at even,
Thy shower of placid rays
Is like a smile from heaven.

Sept. 23, 1825.

Fragment on his Sister Mary Anne's Death.

SWEET bed of death! how oft to thee
In joy and woe my heart shall turn:
How dearer than delight to me
Thy spirit-soothing lore to learn.

In thought to watch that angel-face,
When now the storm had pass'd away,
And all mine anxious eye could trace
Was only sweetness in decay.

O, truest, kindest, gentlest maid!
Earth has no words so soft and pure
That they our dreams of thee should aid,
But Heaven will help them to endure.

There is no cloud that floats on high,
No violet in the dewy vale,
But breathes of thee, and brings thee nigh;
Thy dear memorials cannot fail.

Sept. 20, 1826.

Huntspill Tower.

Cove beyond cove, in faint and fainter line
I trace the winding shore, and dream I hear
The distant billows where they break and shine
On the dark isles. Around us, far and near,
The bright gay breeze is sweeping cheerily,
Chequering the green moor, like the summer field
Of ocean, with the shadows of the sky.
In all their graceful majesty reveal'd,
Now purple-shaded, now in playful light,
To south and north the glorious hills are seen;
Where hovering fancy may at will alight
By pastoral dingle, or deep rocky screen.
Such airs, like sallies of thy cheerful heart,
A living joy, dear friend [n], to all impart.

Aug. 3, 1827.

[n] The "dear friend" was Noel Thomas Ellison, the Rector of Huntspill: whoever knew him would feel as most touching and most characteristic the "light sallies" and the "living joy" they imparted.—J. T. C.

The Exe below Tiverton at Sunrise.

FAREWELL, thou soft Moon, and ye shadowy gleams,
That haunt the traveller all the summer night;
Where under the green boughs the glittering streams
Dance, blithe as fairies, in the dewy light.
And welcome from the east, thou beam of day!
But by all cheering tones that on thee call
From matin breeze or wakening bird, I pray,
Draw gently o'er us thy bright mantling pall;
And let the unsated eye have time to trace
Along the woody fence of this fair dale,
How, one by one, thy glowing lights give chase
To the cold mists, and o'er the gloom prevail.
Hope is at hand, and whispers, "Wait awhile;
The darkest shades at dawn may wear the gayest smile."

Aug. 7, 1827.

A Mile from Totness on the Tor Road, looking back.

DARK mountains, happy valley, glorious sky!
I know not well, nor boots it to enquire,
Which of you all I dearest prize, and why:
Yon purple peaks, that sea of living fire,
Or the green vale, and feudal towers below
Where all sweet flowers of peace and home may grow.
Well are ye match'd, and sweetly do ye blend
Your grave glad music in the thoughtful heart.
But if I needs must choose, mine eye would send
A wistful glance beyond the source of Dart,
And seize and keep those gorgeous hues above,
For they are seen far off by those I love.

Aug. 24, 1827.

Fairford again.

THE road-side airs are sweet that breathe of home,
When from their hedge-row nooks the merry flowers
Greet our return, much wondering they should roam
Who might have stayed within these pleasant bowers.
For wonders seen by ocean or by land,
For treasures won in some far orient clime,
No ear have they, but leaves by breezes fann'd
Awake them soon, and showers at morning prime.
A happy choir; but happier, sweeter still
The sounds of welcome from the well-known hearth,
Where gay, home-loving hearts entwine at will
The living garland of content and mirth.
Green be the far-off bowers, the skies benign;
These only say, "rest here, for we are thine."

Sept. 1, 1827.

Turning out of the London Road, down to Sapperton.

TIRED of the rude world's angry din,
Thine ear still echoing with the sounds
Of toil and strife, of gain and sin,
Welcome within our peaceful bounds!

Come down by moonlight, see the breath
Of slumbering autumn; how serene
'Tis gathering round lone copse and heath,
And o'er the deep rill's alder screen.

So silent all, you well might deem
'Twas midnight on the verge of morn,
But for the smoke's dim silvery wreath
From yon low-nestling cot upborne.

Such dewy breathings of delight
  Who dearly love, and deeply scan,
May trace in every summer night,
  Heaven teaching earth to comfort man.

Oct. 2, [1835].

Nay, but these are Breezes.

"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"—*St. Matt.* viii. 27.

NAY, but these are breezes bright,
Currents pure from deeps of light;
Bracing to all hearts are they.
He whom winds and seas obey
To the children of His love
Tempers them that they may prove
Free, not lawless, chastely bold,
Self-controlling, Heaven-controlled.
Fear not if strong o'er thee such gales should blow,
Even when autumnal life might sigh for calm;
But test them ere thine heart o'erflow,
By pureness, and by love's soft balm.

From the rushing of that breeze
Far away the ill spirit flees.
What were else a storm and strife,
Blotting the last gleam of life,

Now shall waft thee steadily
Upward through the lucid sky,
Like the deep air gathering
Underneath an eagle's wing.

Then fearless let the sacred whirlwind bear
Thee, wearied else, where Christlike souls ascend:
But mark:—no gales may waft thee there,
But thence were breathed, and homeward tend.

Oct. 1, [1835].

How shall the Righteous?

How shall the righteous win their way
In a dark world of snares, where they
With jealous care their eyes must hide,
Lest with the glance the heart be lured aside?
How may she know, to mend, her brethren's sin,
Whom grace baptismal guards from sympathy within?

Faith, as she lies on Jesus' breast,
Will humbly, gently, ask how best
She unentangled may discern
The wild wood path, and point the safe return.
Heaven will instruct her, with averted gaze
To stoop and reach her arm, and grovelling sinners raise.

There have been mighty Winds.

THERE have been mighty winds on high,
The hail-clouds fell and keen
Have marred the mild autumnal sky,
Just gaily aping Spring's soft eye,
And rent earth's robe of all but vernal green.

But now again the West will breathe,
The storms afar will fleet,
And clouds above, and woods beneath,
Weave, ere they fade, one joyous wreath,
For a kind soothing autumn-farewell meet.

Oct. 31, 1835.

In Harmony, &c.

In Harmony, they say, the part
Which rules the strain, and wins the heart,
Is that which children compass best.
Who learns the lesson, he is blest.

Two Lamps apart, &c.

Two lamps apart may brightly burn,
  But brighter if you blend their flame;
This lesson may our Churches learn,
  And all who worship in the same.

To E. K., jun.

You ask me for a song, my dear;
Born with no music in mine ear,
And harden'd now, and dull'd, I fear,
By many a care, and many a year.
But never mind! of music sweet
No lack is here the day to greet;
Summer and Spring are both in tune
To honour this fourteenth of June.
April and May, and June together,
Have treasur'd up their choicest weather,
Cloud, verdure, sunlight, shower and breeze,
And twinkling skies, and waving trees,
Politely have kept back their store,
This happy morn to grace the more.
And hark! what notes from every bower,
And whiff! what gales from every flower.
Sure if you're not content with these,
My little Bess, you're hard to please.

But if to match this out-door song
For something nearer home you long,
I think I know two fairies small,
And one light elf will come at call.
And whosoe'er shall see them stand
With you, my maiden, hand in hand,
Shall own 'tis music even to see
Eight round blue eyes so full of glee.
No need one word to sing or say;
Your smiles will be a song as gay
As ever crown'd a wedding-day.

June 14, 1838.

Malvern at a Distance.

SOFT ridge of cloud or mountain! which thou art
I know not well; so delicately fine
Swells to mine eye the undulating line,
Where gazing to and fro, as loth to part,
Unwearied Fancy plies her busy art,
To trace what lurks in those deep folds of thine,
Streak'd by the varying heavens with hues divine.
With me 'tis fancy all; but many a heart
Perchance e'en now perusing thee afar
The meaning reads of every spot and wave
That seems to stain thee, or thine outline mar.
Here is their home, and here their father's grave.
Such is our holy Mount; all dream it fair,
Those only know, whom Faith hath nurtured there.

Fragment[o].

THERE sate one lonely on a green hill side
Watching an April cloud: his place of rest
An upland meadow with its mossy slope
Losing itself beneath a winding copse,
Where willow-blossoms glanced in sun and breeze.
Not noticeable was the spot, unless
For the rich world, perchance, of vernal flowers,
That seem'd as each had there a claim by right
For cradle, home, death-bed, and grave, all one.
Violets, by hundreds seen, a token were
Of thousands out of sight: anemones
In their own sweet fresh-venturing out, or e'er
The south-wind blow. Around them, most like boys
Round timid maidens in their hour of play,
The celandine so bold and open-eyed,
Singly, or in wild clusters, far and near.

[o] I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting this sweet picture, incomplete as it is. The spot referred to was a very favourite one of the Author. It is the upper part of a field on Ladwell Hill, in the parish of Hursley, just under the "winding" line of the "copse," in the direction of Fieldhouse farm.

Nor wants there the soft primrose, wheresoe'er
Advancing hours will draw a veil of shade,
In her glad quiet nook musing at home.

Sure 'twas a joyous company :—the more
For the bright Easter bells, that hardly yet
Had ceased to stir the noontide air. But he
Who in the midst reclined, seemed dreaming on
Of something far away. Was it his flock ?
For souls were in his charge, and he had vowed
His cares, his visions, one sole way to turn,—

May-day Song for the Hursley Children.

APRIL'S gone, the king of showers;
May is come, the queen of flowers;
Give me something, gentles dear,
For a blessing on the year.
For my garland give, I pray,
Words and smiles, of cheerful May:
Birds of Spring to you we come,
Let us pick a little crumb.

In the dew of the morning we gathered our flowers
From the woodlands, and meadows, and garden bowers;
And now we have twisted our garland so gay,
We are come here to wish you a happy May-day.

May, 1840.

Mother out of Sight[p].

Written for the "Lyra Innocentium."

Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child,
With sunny locks so soft and wild,
How in a moment round the room
His keen eye glanced, then into gloom
Retired, as they who suffer wrong
When most assured they look and long?
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,
In anger half, "My Mother is not here!"

Perchance some burthen'd heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone

[p] Vide the Preface, p. xi.

What if our English air be stirred
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,
"Our own, our only Mother is not here."

The murmurings of that boyish heart
They hush with many a fostering art.
Soon o'er the islands of the west
The weary sun will sink to rest;
The rose-tints fade, that gradual now
Are climbing Ben-y-veer's green brow,
Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer,
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.

Lightly they soothe the fair, fond boy,
Nor is there not a hope and joy
For spirits that half-orphan'd roam
Forlorn in their far island home.
Oft, as in penance lowly bowed,
Prayer—like a gentle evening cloud
Enfolds them, through the mist they seem to trace
By shadowy gleams a royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side,
Not in her robes a glorious Bride :—
As sister named of Mercy mild
At midnight by a fever'd child
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
A white stoled angel in a dream,
Such may the presence of the Spouse appear
To tender, trembling hearts, so faint, so dear.

The babe for that sweet vision's sake
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake;
And we for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.
And wills He not? Are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless or home, or choral throng,
Where true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

Mother of God! O, not in vain
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain.
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;

With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry
Man hath assail'd the Throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie, that pardoning hour,
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break.
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.
How may we choose but name thy name
Echoing below their high acclaim
In holy Creeds? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows
Paid duly to the enthroned Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity,

Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
O, awful station, to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven!

Therefore as kneeling day by day
We to our Father duteous pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek:
(As children with "good morrow" come
To elders in some happy home:)
Inviting so the saintly host above
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
Our falterings in the pure bright air.
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit, else how vain of thee
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side!
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

Dec. 8, *in Conceptione B.M.V.*, 1844.

When is Communion nearest?

When is Communion nearest?
When blended anthems dearest?
Is it where far away dim aisles prolong
The cadence of the choral song?
Whose notes like waves in ocean,
When all are heard, yet none,
With ever upward surging motion
Approach the Eternal Throne?
Notes that would of madness tell,
So keen they pierce, so high they swell;
But for heaven's harmonious spell;
Keen to the listening ear, as to the sight
The purest wintry star's intolerable light,
Yet mild as evening gleams just melting into night.

Or rather where soft soaring
One silent heart adoring
Loves o'er the stillness of the sick man's room
To breathe intensest prayer's perfume,

Whether calm rest be sealing
The pained and wearied eyes,
Or in high blended feeling
Watcher and sufferer rise.
Sweet the sleep, the waking dear
When the holy Church is near
With mother's arms to hush and cheer.
Seems it not then as though each prayer and psalm,
Came like one message more from that far world of calm,
An earnest of His love, whose Blood is healing balm?

Holy is the Sick Man's Room.

HOLY is the sick man's room.
Temper'd air, and curtain'd gloom,
Measured steps, and tones as mild
As the breath of new-born child,
Postures lowly, waitings still,
Looks subdued to duty's will,
Reverent, thoughtful, grave and sweet:
These to wait on Christ are meet.
These may kneel where He lies low,
In His members suffering woe.
Nor in other discipline
Train we hearts that to His shrine
May unblamed draw near, and be
With His favour'd two and three.
Therefore in its silent gloom
Holy is the sick man's room.

St. Mark xvi. 4.

Draw near as early as we may,
Grace, like an angel, goes before.
The stone is roll'd away,
We find an open door.

O, wondrous chain! where aye entwine
Our human wills, a tender thread,
With the strong Will Divine.
We run as we are led.

We, did I say? 'tis all Thine own;
Thou in the dark dost Mary guide.
Thine angel moves the stone,
Love feels Thee at her side.

O Lord, if ever, &c.

O LORD, if ever of Thy Spouse forlorn
Thy mercy heard the loud and bitter cry,
Then loudest, when in silent agony
She pleads her children's hate, her subjects' scorn,
Now be that hour: now pride, that all would know,
Proclaims Thee Saviour, but obeys Thy foe.
Ere love's one relic crumble quite away,
Ere, as we scorn to fast, we cease to pray,
Spare us, good Lord: speak out once more
The word that wrought Thy work of yore,
"Sell all, and all forsake; and trust
The Cross for treasure: God is just."

St. John xiv. 1.

"TRUST in God, and trust in Me."
How should a sinner turn to Thee,
Maker of a world of glory,
Brother of a race forlorn,
If questions, fancy-bred and earthly-born,
Rise and obscure the sacred story?
Thee must we own God-Man, even as Thy Sire
Sole fount of Godhead, ere we turn to Thee entire.

Ye of nice Touch, &c.

Ye of nice touch, and keen true eye
To measure gain and loss, O say,
Hail'd the bright City built on high
No joyful winning day,
When angel accents chimed so clear
On great Augustine's ear,
When from God's open book
The holy fire brake out
And flash'd, and thrill'd at once in every nook
Of his sad soul, consuming fear and doubt,
Each cloud of earthly care,
And left heaven's fragrance there?

Thine, holiest hermit, was the spell;
(Heaven crowning so thy humble love:)
Earth, and the glory of thy cell
Within his bosom strove.
Far off he mark'd heaven's portal ope to thee,
And pray'd for wings as free.

O torch, from saint to saint
From age to age pass'd on,
Still may we see thee, when Church fires grow faint,
Wave bright'ning in some grasp of gifted holy one.

[*Two lines wanting.*]

The Clarion calls, &c.

THE clarion calls: away! to take
Thy station in God's host;
And with His mitred watchmen wake;
And in meek silence for His sake
Endure what scornful music earth can make
When holy ground seems lost.

Too well I read thy shrinking brow;
A sting is busy there:
A fretful conscience, wondering how
Such boldness suits with broken vow.
Didst thou not erst before the Anointed bow
And glad obedience swear?

In Choirs and Places where they Sing, here followeth the Anthem.

LORD, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see

Swept clean, and garnish'd with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell,
And teach that heart to swell
With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.

Jeremiah xxiii. 23.

FAR, far on other isles,
  Where other stars are beaming,
Where the bright rose on Christmas smiles,
  And Whitsun lights with frost are gleaming,
Yon kindly Moon, and glorious Sun
Their race, as here, unwearying run.

What if all else be strange?
  The two great lights of heaven
Know neither error, stay, nor change.
  By them all else to sight is given;
And with them duly, fresh and bright,
Home thoughts return both day and night.

Glory to our true Sun,
  Who shineth far and near;
Who for His dueous Spouse hath won
  A place as of a lunar sphere;
And by their light, where'er she roam,
Faith finds a safe, familiar home.

Why seek we, sounding high and low?

WHY seek we, sounding high and low
Through heaven and earth, as though
The Eternal Son were yet enthroned on high
In His first unincarnate Majesty?

Why, tottering on the dizzy steep,
Gaze down the lowest deep?
Find'st thou a cave so dark but His dear might
Hath burst the bars, and wing'd the prisoner's flight?

Nay homewards, wandering soul, repair,
The gloom, the bars are there:
The word is nigh, even in thy mouth and heart,
Only obey, and He will all impart.

A leaf or spray at hand may hide
A landscape fair and wide,
Thy casement clear, and thou a reach shalt find
Of earth, air, sea, quite to an eagle's mind.

Fragment.

THE shepherd lingers on the lone hill side,
In act to count his faithful flock again,
Ere to a stranger's eye and arm untried
He yield the rod of his old pastoral reign:
He turns; and round him memories throng amain.
Thoughts that had seem'd for ever left behind
O'ertake him, e'en as by some greenwood lane
The summer flies the passing traveller find;
Keen, but not half so sharp as now thrill o'er his mind.

He sees the things that might have been arise,
The heavenly vision how the saints adore,
Erst slighted by his cold, unworthy eyes,
Then upward drawn in wrath, and seen no more.
Now it returns,—too late,—his time is o'er;

The morns and eves are gone when Heaven bade pray,
And earth bade slumber, and he lov'd earth's lore
Better than Heaven's. What angel now might say
How dear he fain would buy one precious week or day?

He sees from things that are the veil half-drawn,
The souls, his charge, awaiting their dire doom
On earth, or where earth's light no more may dawn.
What if, that hour, in more than dreams they come,
Marred by his baseness, by his sloth bade roam?
O, spare him, heavenly chastener! spare his soul
That bitterest pang;—nay, urge it close and home,
So the dark Past the Future may control,
And blood and tears be found to blot the accusing scroll.

Seeks he the weary heart's appointed rest?
Each soothing verse to him is stern rebuke.
Lo! a wide shore that feels the breezy West,—
He sees where kneeling saints with upward look
Assuage the farewell pang Love scarce can brook,
With upward look, and tears subdued to prayer.
And He who never yet true love forsook
By His own loved Apostle sealing there
His presence through the veil, wafts high each cloud of care.

Well may the faithful flock hang o'er that page
In joy; but pastors of no pastoral mood,
Or slumb'rers o'er God's wasted heritage!—
Oft as *they* read "Behold me pure of blood,
None have I left unwarn'd, no breath of good
Stifled or tainted,"—hard and cold the heart
Which can endure unbroken! dull and rude
The spirit, which to heal such sudden smart,
Flees to the blind world's praise, or custom's soothing art!

St. John v. 16, 17.

Ye know not what ye ask:
Should He but once your rude words hear,
And cease from His eternal task,
The heavens would start asunder, sphere from sphere.
Such Sabbath as ye bid Him keep
Were to the world and you, a deathful endless sleep.

Ye know not whom ye seek
With murderous aim, the Lord of Life.
So is it yet; when foes would wreak
On His immortal Church their haughty strife,
What do they else but seal and stay
The fount of their own grace, Life's open, only way?

March 18.

When in her Hour of still Decay.

When in her hour of still decay,
The matron Earth to her worn breast
The relics of her Spring array
Folds, ere she sink in quiet rest;
Envying her calm, thou wak'st that hour,
Prince of the tainted air's rude power:
And twisting, sweeping, rushing, rending,
With every gentlest motion blending
Of frailest shrub in greenwood lair,
Before their time thou lay'st them bare.

E'en so when Christian souls are sere,
And fading leaves of earthly life
Drop one by one, and leave all clear
For a new Spring, whose buds are rife
Already, then the unsleeping foe
Watches to lay that glory low;

Some breath of passion wild preparing,
Pride, hate, desire's untimely glaring;
And in a moment mars our best.
Autumnal wanderers, keep your nest!

Sept. 30.

To the Lord of the Manor of Merdon,

The Petition of sundry Life Tenants, or Hereditary Denizens of the said Manor

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT by the custom of this clime
Even from immemorial time,
We, or our forefathers old
(As in Withering's list enrolled)
Have in occupation been
Of all nooks and corners green,
Where the swelling meadows sweet
With the wavy woodlands meet.
There we peep and disappear;
There in games to fairies dear
All the spring-tide hours we spend,
Hiding, seeking without end.
And sometimes a merry train
Comes upon us from the lane.

Every gleaming afternoon
All through April, May, and June,
Boys and maidens, birds and bees,
Airy whisperings of all trees,
With their music well supply
All we need of sympathy.
Now and then a graver guest
For one moment here will rest,
Loitering in his pastoral walk,
And with us hold kindly talk.
To himself we've heard him say,
" Thanks that I may hither stray ;
Worn with age, and sin, and care.
Here I breathe the pure, glad air ;
Here Faith's lesson learn anew
Of this happy vernal crew.
Here the fragrant shrubs around
And the graceful, shadowy ground
And the village tones afar,
And the steeple with its star,
And the clouds that gently move
Tune the heart to trust and love."

Thus we fared in ages past:
But the nineteenth age at last
(As your suppliants are advised)
Reigns, and we no more are prized.
Now a giant plump and tall,
Called "High Farming," stalks o'er all.
Platforms, railings, and straight lines
Are the charms for which he pines.
Forms mysterious, ancient hues,
He with untired hate pursues;
And his cruel word and will
Is from every copse-crown'd hill,
Every glade in meadow deep
Us, and our green bowers to sweep.
Now our prayer is, here and there,
May your Honour deign to spare
Shady spots and nooks, where we
Yet may flourish, safe and free.
So old Hampshire still may own
(Charm to other shires unknown)
Bays and creeks of grassy lawn
Half beneath his woods withdrawn;

So from many a joyous child,-
Many a sire and mother mild,
For the sheltering boughs so sweet,
And the blossoms at their feet,
Thanks, with prayers, shall find their way.
And we flowers, if we could pray,
With our very best would own
Your young floweret newly blown.

ANEMONE NEMOROSA, DAFFODIL,
PRIMULA VULGARIS, COWSLIP,
ORCHIS, STRAWBERRY,
VIOLET, &c., &c., &c., innumerable signatures.

Ladwell Hill, April 3, 1851.

To his Sister Elizabeth.

SAINTS in Paradise, we know,
Wait and long for saints below.
Sure, if in realms of joy begun
Earth's pilgrims are remembered one by one,
If days and times are noted there,
Now, on this Sunday still and fair,
Dearest Sister, there are two,
Two, as dear, that turn toward you.

One that on this favour'd day
Down in happy slumber lay.
O, who the thoughts may guess and deem
That haply mingle with her angel-dream,
When among graces tasted here
She counts thy warnings, Sister dear,
Smiles and words, and ways of love
Here half-seen, now felt above.

With her waits by Eden's stream,
Partner of her blissful dream
A younger spirit, too pure, too fair
E'en for love's sake, this mean earth long to bear.
She in her partial love had plann'd
This sacred task for an unworthy hand.
May it now, till life shall end,
With her sweetest memory blend!

Written in the Album at Cuddesdon Palace.

WHOE'ER from Cuddesdon's pastoral shade
Shall seek the green hill's point, and gaze
On Oxford in the "watery glade,"
And seem half-lost in memory's maze,
Much wondering where his thoughts of good
Have flown, since last in that lone nook he stood,
But wondering more untiring Love should be
So busy round the unworthiest;—let him see
There hath before him been one musing e'en as he.

Jan. 13, 1854.

Nurse, let me draw, &c.

"NURSE, let me draw the baby's veil aside,
I want to see the Cross upon her brow."
Nay, maiden dear, that seal may not abide
In sight of mortals' ken; 'tis vanish'd now.

"Alas, for pity! when the holy man
Said even now, 'I sign thee with the cross,'
What joy to think that I at home should scan
The bright, clear lines! O, sad and sudden loss!"

Complain not so, my child: no loss is here,
But endless gain. If thou wilt open wide
Faith's inward eye, soon shall to thee appear
What now by wondering angels is descried,

Thy Lord's true token, seen not but believ'd,
And therefore doubly blest. O, mark it well,
And be this rule in thy young heart receiv'd,
Blest, who content with Him in twilight dwell.

Saints, while the very image He denied,
Made much of the dim shadow: now He gives
The image. In adoring faith abide,
As in spring-time we watch unfolding leaves.

Woe to impatient hands, that ere its prime
Force the bud open, mar the unready flower:
Woe to faint hearts that will not wait the time,
To know the secrets of your blissful bower.

Thy saints, O Lord, and Thine own Mother dear
Are round Thee as a glory-cloud: we see
The general glow, not each in outline clear,
Or several station: all are hid in Thee.

In prayer we own Thee, Father, at our side,
Not always feel or taste Thee; and 'tis well.
So, hour by hour, courageous faith is tried;
So, gladlier will the morn all mists dispel.

Feb. 19, 1854.

Hymn for Easter-tide.

Written for the Book of Prayers, at Cuddesdon College.

"Also, I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here I am, send me."—*Isa.* vi. 8.

LORD of life, prophetic Spirit!
In sweet measure evermore
To the holy children dealing
Each his gift from Thy rich store;
Bless Thy family, adoring
As in Israel's schools of yore.

Holy Jesus! Eye most loving
On each young disciple bent;
VOICE, that, seeming earthly, summon'd
Samuel to the awful tent;—
HAND, that cast Elijah's mantle;
Thine be all Thy grace hath lent!

As to Thine own seventy scholars
Thou of old Thine arm didst reach,
Under Thy majestic shadow
Guiding them to do, and teach,
Till their hour of solemn unction,
So be with us, all and each.

God, and Father of all spirits
Whose dread call young Joshua knew,
Forty days in darkness waiting
With Thy servant good and true ;
Thence to wage Thy war descending,
Own us, Lord, Thy champions too.

One Thy light, the Temple filling,
Holy, holy, holy Three :
Meanest men, and brightest angels
Wait alike the word from Thee.
Highest musings, lowliest worship,
Must their preparation be.

Now Thou speakest,—hear we trembling,
From the Glory comes a Voice.
"Who accepts the Almighty's mission?
Who will make Christ's work his choice?
Who for us proclaim to sinners
Turn, believe, endure, rejoice?"

Here we are, Redeemer, send us!
But because Thy work is fire,
And our lips, unclean and earthly,
Breathe no breath of high desire,
Send Thy Seraph from Thine altar
Veiled, but in his bright attire.

Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly
With the mystic coal in hand,
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming,
(Faith and Love will understand,)
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,
With Thine own keen, healing brai

Thou didst come that fire to kindle;
Fain would we Thy torches prove,
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting
With the undying spark of love.
Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,
With Thy breathings from above.

Now to God, the soul's Creator,
To His Word and Wisdom sure,
To His all-enlightening Spirit,
Patron of the frail and poor,
Three in One, be praise and glory,
Here, and while the heavens endure.

Amen.

For the Opening of the West Window of the Hall of St. Andrew's College, Bradfield. April 5, 1859.

"In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread."

When Adam his first Sunday kept,
It dawn'd on work, and not on rest;
Yet when he laid him down and slept,
No travail sore his soul opprest;
Work, easy as an angel's flight,
Brought slumber as an infant's, light.

Upon the ground he casts him now,
The ground, accursed for his sake;
The chill damps on his weary brow,
And even in sleep his heart will ache.
If to his fellow-men he call,
There is the curse of Babel's wall.

But thou the Lord's new Eden seek,
The garden-mount where olives grow,
There prostrate lies a Sufferer meek,
Go, bathe thee in His Sweat,—and lo!
Thou, as at first, shalt rise renewed,
For Jesus' sweat is healing Blood.

Thy work a blessed pastime then
Shall prove,—thy rest a sacred song;
The Babel-cries of scattered men
Attuned to anthems pure and strong.
The treasures of King Solomon
For holy Church redeem'd and won.

Prayers of Saints.

HALF-HEARTED men we creep
Along our listless way,
And where we sowed but yesterday,
E'en now presumptuous would reap.
We stir the root
And see no tender shoot;
Too fine the work of grace for our rude eye.
Then in proud wrath
Turn on our homeward path,
Leaving th' untended plant in the bleak air to die.

Not so the unwearied Saints,
Yet shadowing with their prayers
The fallen land that erst was theirs:
Where they repose hope never faints.
There, day or night,
Before that altar bright

They kneel, if haply from its stores benign,
One healing ray
May dart its downward way,
In course unerring towards some English shrine.

Epitaph.

For the Tomb of the old Biddlecombes, May 24, 1861.

LORD Jesus, loving hearts and dear
Are resting in Thy shadow here;
In life Thou wast their hope, and we
In death would trust them, Lord, with Thee.

For Music.

"MISERERE, Domine,
"Miserere, Domine."
Aching heart, and weary soul,
Cares that wildly toss, and roll,
Hush!—the soft note downward stole
With a charm to make you whole.
Hush!—far off it melts away
O'er the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars, and say
"Miserere, Domine."

"Miserere, Domine
"Miserere, Domine."
Youthful spirits, laughing eyes,
Hopes as gay as summer skies,
Hush!—and in adoring wise
Hear the strain that never dies!

Lost to mortal ears, that lay
O'er the stars may wander free :
The Angels still their harps, and say,
"Miserere, Domine."

Dart and Webber.

Dart. Wild Webber, wild Webber, why rush on so fast?
Your speed is so reckless, it never can last.
Why can't you glide gently around the rough stones,
They'll not move a hair's breadth for all your loud moans.

Besides, at the angle which mortals call "right"
Head-foremost you charge me; I shrink with affright.
The primroses, open-eyed there on the brink,
Are watching us quite at a loss what to think.

Webber. Indeed, Mrs. Dart, I must own it is true;
But then, pray consider, I'm younger than you;
And really till here in this dingle we met,
A lesson in manners I never did get.

Henceforth arm in arm we'll move on, if you please,
And just at your pace; pray be quite at your ease;
But ere we arrive at Holne Chase, I foresee,
The echoes will hear you far louder than me.

April 29, 1863.

Hymn

Composed on the occasion of the Visit of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, to be sung in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1863.

THE Lord is King; He wrought His will
In heaven above, in earth below;
His wonders the wide ocean fill,
The cavern'd deeps His judgment shew.

The Lord is King; the world stands fast:
Nature abides, for He is strong;
The perfect note He gave, shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

The Lord is King; ye worlds rejoice!
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrill out in silence, have no choice:
They harm not till He gives the sign.

The Lord is King; hush, wayward heart!
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring faints.
There seek Him whence He ne'er departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

Thou, Lord, art King: crown'd Priests are we,
To cast our crowns before the Throne.
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

To the great Maker, to the Son
Himself vouchsafing to be made,
To the good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid. Amen.

To a Little Girl.

SEAL OF THE LETTER.

Hursley Vicarage,
Dec. 22, 1863.

THERE was a kind small maiden [a], and she was fain
to greet
Her Godpapa and Vicar with a little loving treat.
So she counsell'd with her sisters, and all the three
agreed,
And by an old acquaintance, a letter sent with speed;
Which when the Vicar open'd, he ponder'd o'er
and o'er:
"The time I see is Wednesday, a quarter after four.

[a] The "kind small maiden" of this little poem is one of the daughters of Sir W. Heathcote, Bart., the Vicar's god-child.

But when we're all assembled, what will the pastime be?
No word is here to say, but a Heart and Crown I see:—
A little Heart brimful of love, a Crown without a care:
O this is Christmas mirth indeed, I'll joyfully be there!"

To Master Bernard Wilson's Dog.

DEAR FUSSY,

This morning so kindly without any call
You met me, and shewed me the way to the Fall,
That I feel drawn towards you, and now am inclined
In confidence strict to unburden my mind.
I know I may trust you, for e'en if you bark,
As well you may, startled, and seem to cry, "Hark!"
At such bad behaviour as I must confess,
Folks know not your language, and hardly will guess.
Oh, Fussy! a well-bred young creature like you,
Who have lived with the courteous all your life through,
Cannot tell how a conscience at morning will ache,
If with thought of kind letters unanswered it wake.

(Here suppose a lengthy confession.)

* * * * * *

Then tell Mr. Bernard, dear dog, if you please,
That the man whom he knows of his error now sees,
And is quite fain to promise in prose or in rhyme,
That he never will do so again till next time.
Mr. Bernard will say, "I forgive like a king,
He's free to lie loitering by the cool spring;
And hear the gay Percie-bird whistle and sing
From morning to eve, in his conscience no sting."

Fernichurst, Aug. 16, 1864.

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